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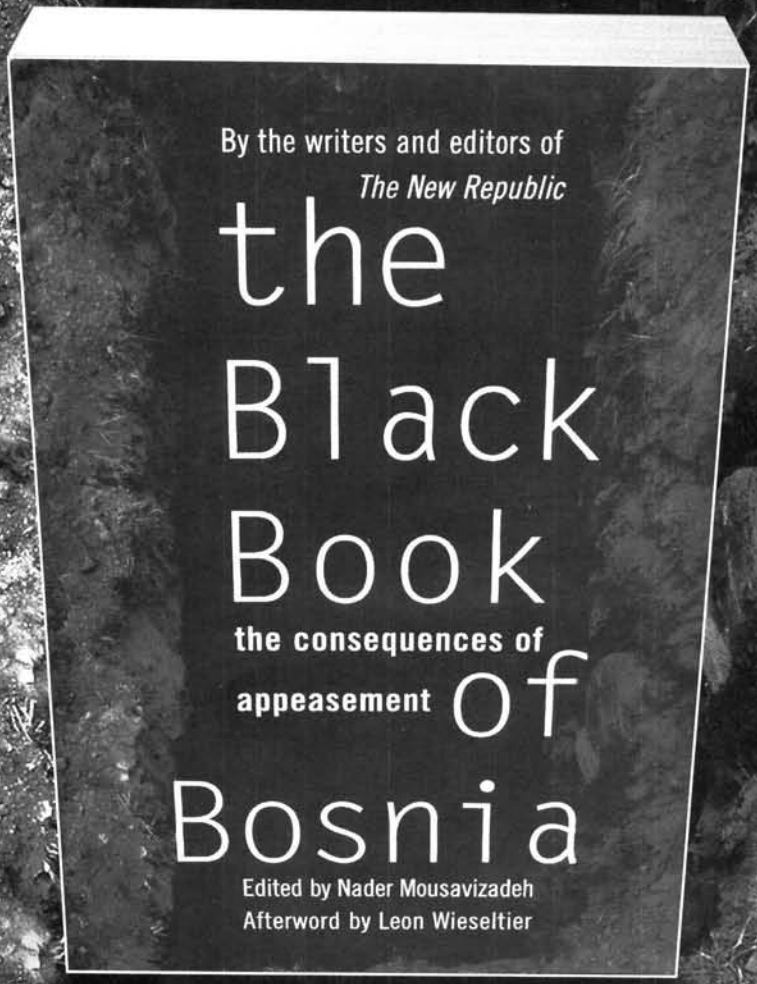
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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

JANUARY 29, 1996

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Cover by Taylor Jones for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 18.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Shrinks get on the couch, David Denby defends himself &c.

6 **MATTHEW MILLER** TRB: FLATTENED Why Steve Forbes can keep his flat tax.

7 **THE EDITORS** IT TAKES A SUBPOENA For all our sakes, get it over with.

8 **NOTEBOOK** The seven-year itch, the Ayyash affair, nasty snow &c.

10 **ELISSA SILVERMAN** LEARNING CURVE School privatization is all the rage. But as a Baltimore experiment shows, it doesn't always work.

11 **MATTHEW COOPER** WHITE HOUSE WATCH: WHODUNNIT? The snow and the furlough didn't paralyze the White House. But an insider roman à clef did.

12 **KENNETH TIMMERMAN** THE IRAQ PAPERS Newly released documents show how close Saddam Hussein came to using chemical and even nuclear weapons in 1991.

15 **PETER REDDAWAY** RED ALERT The final Russian election results were far worse than many Russia-watchers have let on. The case for gloom.

18 **MICHAEL LEWIS** CAMPAIGN JOURNAL: LET THE GAMES BEGIN! Our intrepid correspondent trudges through the snows of New Hampshire to spend quality time with presidential candidates Phil Gramm and Patrick Buchanan.

22 **MICHAEL CROWLEY** UNDER A ROCK Where Steve Forbes got his campaign staff.

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: A JOURNEY UNFORESEEN *Lamerica*, a touching parable about life in post-Communist Albania.

27 **DAVID RIEFF** AN AGE OF GENOCIDE *The Rwanda Crisis* by Gérard Prunier; *Rwanda and Genocide in the Twentieth Century* by Alain Destexhe

36 **MELANIE REHAK** POEM *Snowshoe*

37 **FRANK KERMODE** BEAT THE DEVIL *The Death of Satan* by Andrew Delbanco

39 **RICHARD JENKYNS** AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON *Lewis Carroll: A Biography* by Morton N. Cohen

42 **NADER MOUSAVIZADEH** COPENHAGEN DIARIST: THE ROYAL WE

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CORRESPONDENCE

On the couch

To the editors:

What a satirist, Jonathan Lear. His hyperventilated defense of Freud and Freudians, "The Shrink Is In" (December 25, 1995), presents so classic a portrait of male chauvinist megalomania it could be a performance piece. Lear claims that the polis of fifth-century Athens is the "greatest participatory democracy the world has known." In fact, the male citizenry of Athens numbered perhaps 35,000 to 40,000, and a majority of these participated in the "democracy." Excluded by reason of sex were approximately as many Athenian women, and the city-state contained an unknown number of slaves, male and female, who were (of course) excluded from citizenship. In whose eyes is the polis of fifth-century Athens a "great democracy"?

Funnier yet is Lear's blustery rhetoric: "Isn't the attack on Freud itself a repetition and re-enactment of Oedipus's complex, less an attack on the father than an attack on the very idea of repressed, unconscious meaning?" Some of us were thinking it was an attack on unsubstantiated pseudoscientific special pleading by anxious Caucasian males whose notion of "human irrationality" is that it's a psychoanalytic theory.

JOYCE CAROL OATES
Princeton, New Jersey

To the editors:

I would like to add something to the article by Jonathan Lear in defense of Freud and psychoanalysis. One other major source of the misunderstanding of Freud is the transformation of psychoanalysis by many in the academic community into an environmental theory. Freud explicitly denied that environmental factors could fully account for intrapsychic conflicts (e.g., in his discussion of the "Rat Man"), but in the hands of American academics and as a result of the general influence of behaviorism it became a cause-and-effect environmental theory. (An exception to this trend was Robert Sears, the eminent developmental psychologist.)

This transformation left psychoanalysis open to charges that it is not testable and therefore not scientific. One may acknowledge that it is not testable by the scientific canons of not only physics but many kinds of social science, for example, economics and experimental psychology. This does not mean that it is untrue or useless. To illustrate the point: in her delightful book, *The Magic Years*, the late child analyst Selma Fraiberg told of a young analysand who let her friends know that she was seeing a "lady fortune teller." When Fraiberg asked her young patient at the end of the analysis whether she still thought that she was seeing a "lady fortune teller," the girl replied, "Yes," with some sadness, "but you only tell fortunes backwards." This young girl understood what some academics have failed to, that psychoanalysis was not a scientific account of cause-and-effect, but—as Professor Lear points out so well—a way of discovering and constructing meaning.

HERBERT D. SALTZSTEIN
Scarsdale, New York

To the editors:

Jonathan Lear apparently hopes that three fallacious justifications for Freudian doctrine will make up for the absence of a single cogent one: *(1) To honor "the complexity, depth and darkness of human life" we must adopt the Freudian worldview.* But psychoanalysis offers a trite reduction of the mind's complexity, albeit one whose warmed-over Romanticism can still appear sublime to persons harboring confused religious yearnings.

(2) As an "interpretive science," psychoanalysis is exempt from extraclinical testing. But it is only the practice, not the theory, of psychoanalysis that's interpretive. Its tenets are determinate propositions about mental laws, and as such they are subject to ordinary canons of scientific adequacy—which they never satisfy.

(3) Psychoanalysis merely extends commonsense psychology. Freud's Little Hans became afraid of horses after a huge horse toppled before his eyes. Common sense sees a plausible connection here. But Freud in his case history and Lear in his bewilderingly vitalistic *summa Freudiana* of 1990, *Love and Its Place in Nature*, maintain that Hans was repressing a fear of his own Oedipal aggression, which had unconsciously "caused" the felling of this big-penised father surrogate. How many counterintuitive assumptions does this explanation require? Ignoring much recent scholarship, Lear remains unaware that the myth of the birth of psychoanalysis—Freud's realization that his patients' stories of infantile sexual abuse were only fantasies—has been exploded. No such stories were told. Freud demanded that his incredulous hysterics believe they had been molested in early childhood; and after he privately recanted, he pretended that *his* false stories were *their* false memories from infancy. That's all there was to the "discovery of unconscious fantasy" that Lear celebrates. Freud posited such fantasy so that it could occupy the logical space vacated by "seductions," thus hiding the defectiveness of his repression thesis.

Finally, Lear wonders how anyone could link Freud and psychoanalysis to recovered memory therapy (RMT). But my new book, *The Memory Wars*, shows that most of the premises of modern RMT came straight from Freudian theory. Freud blazed the trail for RMT both before and after concocting psychoanalysis; therapeutically "recovered" primal scenes and infantile fantasies are no less questionable than "recovered" molestations. And, significantly, a number of accredited psychoanalysts have now reverted to the shockingly reckless RMT that Freud was practicing in the mid-1890s.

FREDERICK CREWS
Berkeley, California

To the editors:

Jonathan Lear concludes his defense of Freud by claiming that Freud is maligned because his truths are so disturbing. I think this assertion mistakes both the causes of the current controversy and the state of the culture.

The Freud debate concerns power and scientific accuracy. For much of the decade, psychoanalysts blocked the way of neuroscientists in academia; today's struggle involves payback. Likewise, feminists have seen Freudianism used as a justification for the demeaning of women. But it is also true that Freud was just wrong about the psychology of women (e.g., penis envy) as he was wrong about many issues of neurobiology.

The central Freudian tenets—the dynamic unconscious, the dual mind, the meaningfulness of mistakes—are not taboo but widely and even uncritically accepted. Their banality is part of what makes psychoanalysis difficult to practice at the end of the century. The revelation of unacknowledged sexual drives no longer has the power to shock patients into health.

Lear cedes too much when he writes that "it is a mistake to think of psychoanalysis and Prozac as means to the same end," because psychoanalysis is best understood as a philosophy. The power of psychoanalysis has always been linked to the claim that it is a method of cure. The Oedipus complex is uninteresting if it refers only to humans' self-blindness (a universal tenet of Western thought—indeed one that is already explicit in the Oedipus story) and not to a predictable stage of development whose vicissitudes must be dealt with on the road to psychic health. Like Prozac, psychoanalysis captures our attention by diminishing suffering, and from that platform it raises issues about how we are constituted.

PETER D. KRAMER
Providence, Rhode Island

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To the editors:

Jonathan Lear could have spared your readers his contention that I wrongly assimilated the validation of cause-and-effect connections in psychoanalysis to those in particle physics when I found psychoanalysis wanting. He needed only to have read my "'Meaning'-Connections and Causal Connections in the Human Sciences" in the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association* (volume 38, number 3, 1990). There I explained why "meaning"-connections between mental states do not, by themselves, vouch for *causal* connections between them and how psychoanalysts have failed to validate their major etiologic hypotheses concerning psychopathology, transference or dream production. My alleged emulation in psychoanalysis of the standards for "proofs" in particle physics is just a red herring, if only because Lear's belief that the latter "proofs" achieve certainty is primitive.

Lear complains that numerous mainstream publications have "fallen all over themselves" to acknowledge the importance of my skeptical books, "while the excellent critiques of Grünbaum's work are ignored." Far from being "ignored," they have been meticulously rebutted by me, by Morris Eagle, the president-elect of the Division of Psychoanalysis of the American Psychological Association, and by Edward Erwin, the editor of the forthcoming *Freud Encyclopedia.*

Lear believes that typical psychoanalytic explanations should be accepted as extensions of our ordinary motivational explanations of human actions to unconscious desires. But Michael S. Moore (1983), for instance, has shown that Freudian explanations of dreaming do not conform to this familiar mode of "making sense": as Augustine observed, dreams are not actions we stage for reasons. Moreover, my 1984 *Foundations of Psychoanalysis* demonstrates that, on this score, Freud's explanations of psychopathology are no better. Indeed, the "extension"-thesis has been a promissory note radically unfulfilled by its advocates so far as the core psychoanalytic hypotheses are concerned.

ADOLF GRÜNBAUM
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

What I loved most about your December 25 issue was noticing that if I open your magazine so I can see both the front and back covers, Freud is suggestively pointing his infamous cigar directly at the sexy underwear model. The headline on the front cover, "The Shrink Is In," laid to rest any doubts I might have had.

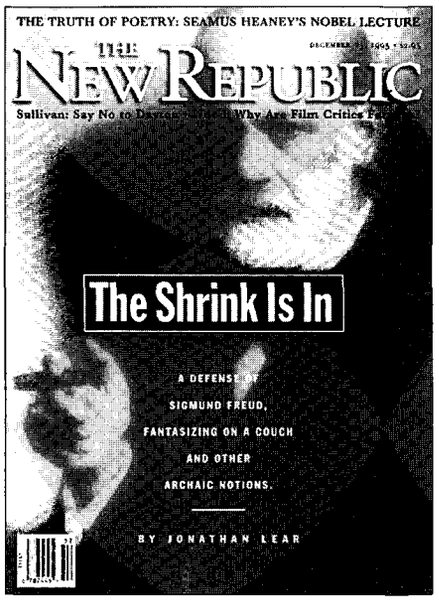
MIKE VOGEL
Dover, New Hampshire

In the way of art

To the editors:

Leaving Las Vegas has just won the "best picture" award from the New York Film Critics Circle and will continue to make its way through the world—and doubtless through many award ceremonies—without any further assistance from me. Yet having loved the movie and having been convicted thereby of standing in the way of art and apparently of life as well ("life has been spoiled, too"), I must endeavor to learn from James Wood's instructions in the art of film criticism ("Angel Food," December 25, 1995).

(1) Mr. Wood dismisses the movie by quoting, at length, from the novel on which it is based. *(2)* He triumphantly


THE TRUTH OF POETRY: SEAMUS HEANEY'S NOBEL LECTURE
THE NEW REPUBLIC
The Shrink Is In
A DEFENSE OF SIGMUND FREUD, FANTASIZING ON A COUCH AND OTHER ARCHAIC NOTIONS.
BY JONATHAN LEAR

brings out, as proof of the movie's failure, the extraordinary fact that the audience doesn't actually see the vomit expelled by the film's hero, who is an alcoholic determined to drink himself to death. Some readers may be amused by a critic who announces his love for *King Lear* but requires so literal a proof of misery; others may point to the scene in which, taken to a restaurant by his prostitute girlfriend, the hero is unable to eat, a quiet but devastating hint of the destructive powers of drink. But Wood will have his vomit, and we must not turn away from it. *(3)* Wood nominates as true art (in comparison to which *Leaving Las Vegas* cannot be taken seriously) *King Lear*, the stories of Chekhov—and the movies of John Cassavetes. In this article ridiculing movie critics for pumping up their subjects, I have nevertheless learned to cite the earnest, frantic, but only moderately talented Cassavetes as the equal of Shakespeare and Chekhov. This is a ploy bound to come in handy. *(4)* In a brilliant display of effrontery, Mr. Wood successfully misspells the names of both the movie's stars, Nicolas (not "Nicholas") Cage, and Elisabeth (not "Elizabeth") Shue, thereby reassuring anxious TNR readers that he will not be misled into the philistine American practice of checking facts. Gratefully, I accept Mr. Wood's rebukes.

DAVID DENBY
New York, New York

Amnesia

To the editors:

I have just finished Henry Louis Gates's remarks on Nigeria ("Kernel of Light," December 18, 1995) and wish to applaud him for refusing to allow the shame that is Nigeria's government to go unremarked. I have often marveled at the willful blindness of U.S. foreign policy to Nigeria, which Gates rightly perceives as the linchpin of Africa. I do not, however, understand why Abiola's "election" should be as privileged as it is in both Gates's article and by those who call for the isolation of the Abacha regime. I was in Nigeria in 1993 when the Babangida regime intervened in the primary process then in progress, disbanded all existing political parties and created in their place the SDP (Social Democrat Party) and the NRP (National Republican Convention). All this is to say that the process by which Abiola was elected was itself tainted. Perhaps we should ask that Abacha abide by the results of that election because it is the closest one can get to democracy in the corruption about which Soyinka and Powell speak. Perhaps we might support Abiola precisely because his election might break the stranglehold of the North on Nigerian politics. But we should not display the same historical amnesia that much of the world has shown and on which the Abacha regime surely depends.

ALISON SAINSBURY
Bloomington, Illinois

Santa is innocent

To the editors:

The opening item in your Sic Transit listing for the holidays missed a real chance for some Paul Harveyesque schmaltz. Yes, a 13-year-old boy did rob a Grand Rapids bank, but he wore a ski mask, not a Santa Claus suit. And he was supposedly holding up the bank in order to get money for Christmas presents. Don't worry, though, Grand Rapids is hardly the stuff of Frank Capra movies. The same 13-year-old used his grandfather as an unknowing getaway driver.

ROB FRANCIOSI
Grand Rapids, Michigan

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FROM WASHINGTON

Flattened

It's tempting to dismiss the Kemp Commission's coming call for a flat tax as the scary resurrection of supply-side propaganda, a malevolent scheme to transfer billions to the rich at the expense of middle-class Americans and a newly exploding deficit. But we'll get to that.

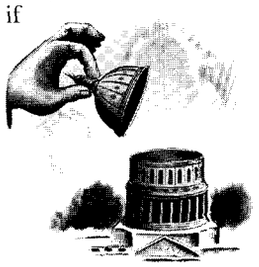
First, it's only fair to assess the flat tax on its merits. The Kemp group's expected endorsement, together with Steve Forbes's gentlemanly resolve to give the idea, as he might give his daughter, the best coming-out party money can buy, assures that the flat tax will get a hearing. What are we to make of it?

The Kemp report will steer clear of specifics to avoid saddling Bob Dole with a target Democrats could shoot at through November. But the proposal being pushed by Forbes and House Majority Leader Dick Armey is target enough. It replaces today's personal income tax, whose brackets range from 15 to 39.6 percent, with a single flat rate of 17 percent. It offers generous standard deductions for individuals and dependents, which take a family of four earning up to $36,000 off the rolls entirely. At the same time, itemized deductions—such as favorites for mortgage interest, charitable contributions and state and local taxes—are eliminated. All capital gains, interest and dividend income become fully tax-exempt; the estate tax is scrapped as well.

Does any of this make any sense? The big goals Kemp, Forbes et al say they're after might be dubbed the three S's: simplicity, savings and special interests. Take them in turn.

Simplicity. You can hardly change the channel these days without seeing a GOP hopeful wave a postcard-size tax return while admiring crowds swoon at the notion of how easy it will be, under a flat tax, to do their taxes. This campaign tableau is misleading. Hating the IRS is a patriotic duty, as seasonal, and harmless, as the seventh-inning stretch. But for most Americans, paying taxes, while unpleasant, is not actually very complicated. More than 70 percent use the standard deduction. Twenty million filers use 1040 "EZ" forms that are almost, well, postcard-like; this year they'll be able to file via a ten-minute phone call. Though Steve Forbes says the 30 percent who itemize find it an "absolute horror," it takes an odd fetish to run for president mainly to ease the pain of better-off Americans whose cost in time or tax advice is a fraction of the money they're saving.

Business actually bears the cost of complexity in our tax code, accounting for the vast bulk of the infamous 5.4 billion man-hours that go into tax preparation each year. No doubt there's a case for simplification here, but we're kidding ourselves if we think that in a complicated economy business accounting won't be harder than postcard math. In any event, disingenuously dressing up business relief as a "populist" initiative isn't the image flat-taxers hope to project.



When pressed on the simplicity issue, Forbes says "the people" are really cheering the generous exemptions his plan offers, which roughly double those under current law. If so, they're cheering an illusion. Those exemptions, plus the 17 percent rate, explain why Treasury estimates that the proposal leaves a gaping $140 billion (at least) revenue hole versus today's tax code. Fixing this so the deficit won't launch into orbit means halving the exemptions or raising the single rate to somewhere in the low 20s. Combined with the flat tax's fine print, under which the Earned Income Tax Credit is scrapped and employees pay tax on their health benefits, most people earning below $200,000 lose big.

Savings. A supply-side axiom holds that lowering the after-tax return on savings and investment gives you more of this essential fuel for economic growth. Let's say that's right (though it's a matter of debate). Flat-taxers still don't say how *much* more. Maybe there's a reason. In the 1980s, lower marginal tax rates were accompanied by a mysterious decline in savings as a share of GDP. Today, economists who aren't flat tax partisans agree it might increase private savings, at best, by 1 percent of GDP yearly. While every little bit helps, that's hardly the kind of spur to growth that "optimistic" supply-side rhetoric leads you to expect. (Bill Clinton's 1993 deficit reduction package, by comparison, now adds about 2 percent of GDP yearly to national savings.) Why would savings rise so little? According to Bill Gale of the Brookings Institution, partly because half of private savings—via pensions, 401(k)s, Keough plans and most IRAs—already get the tax-favored treatment a flat tax would offer.

Special interests. Yes, today's tax code is a stomping ground for lobbyists. But—surprise!—tomorrow's will be, too. Just as the heralded 1986 tax reforms failed to banish special interests from the trough, a flat tax won't either. Brookings's Gale sees a booming business for lawyers and lobbyists ahead. Take one example. Interest income is not taxable to corporations under a flat tax; they'll thus maneuver, legislatively and via structured transactions, to classify cash inflows as "interest."

If it can't deliver on its declared goals, the flat tax succeeds impressively at one thing: it lowers taxes on wealthier Americans, for whom earnings on capital are a higher proportion of income, and raises taxes on just about everybody else. Maybe I'm too blinded by envy to see that what this country really needs is a big tax cut for Steve Forbes and a big tax increase for his maid, who, between payroll and "flat" taxes, will fork over 30 percent. And this isn't "class warfare," it's a fact. The flat tax's original authors, Robert Hall and Alvin Rabushka, admit as much. The GOP's new addiction to the flat tax is yet another instance of the ancient truth of electoral coalitions. Republicans give tax cuts; Democrats give "programs." Same currency, different voters.

Is there any way the GOP can rescue this proposal from being just flat unfair? Jerry Brown, 1992's flat-taxer, may have the answer. Brown says the flat tax was never his full vision, but a piece of a "larger agenda" in which a flat tax throws our "profound crisis of inequality" into starker relief, paving the way for a wealth tax to address the progressivity question directly. Forget for the moment that Brown didn't talk this way in '92; people evolve, especially in California. Almost a dozen European countries have taxes on wealth. Even if the first $250,000 in net worth is exempt (leaving just a handful of voters affected), a modest wealth tax with marginal rates of 0.05 to 0.3 percent would raise $40-50 billion yearly, and go a long way toward remedying the flat tax's perceived injustice.

What about it, "Steve"?

MATTHEW MILLER

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JANUARY 29, 1996

IT TAKES A SUBPOENA

From the beginning of her husband's term, Hillary Rodham Clinton's novel role as White House power broker and policy maker has been portrayed mostly as a morality play about gender equality. It never has been. Rather, her role has posed the problem of democratic accountability of an unelected, quasi-appointed official. Since 1993, the First Lady's power has been both informal, as in the Travel Office imbroglio, and formal, as in her health care task force. The latter fiasco was distinguished by large dollops of government money, lawsuits by interest groups locked out of the process and outbursts of haughtiness from Rodham-Clinton herself. ("I can't go out and save every undercapitalized entrepreneur in America," she huffed when small businesses questioned the costs.) The First Lady's failure helped set the stage for the Republican electoral victory in November 1994. Anyone else might have been transferred, reprimanded, fired or voted out. Rodham-Clinton, whose concern for "privacy" has served as a shield from legitimate scrutiny, simply retired to the West Wing for a traditionalist makeover.

Now comes evidence that she has been less than truthful in statements to federal investigators and the press—both about her role in the Travel Office affair and about her involvement in the failure of Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan in Arkansas. The Watkins memo states flatly that Rodham-Clinton personally insisted on the firing of the Travel Office staff on trumped-up corruption charges (of which the head of the office has since been acquitted) so that Clinton cronies could have the business. Rodham-Clinton's version to General Accounting Office investigators was that she had "no role." Another batch of mysteriously appearing documents from the Rose Law Firm shows that she did indeed handle legal work for Madison Guaranty in the mid-'80s, a time when that corrupt institution was seeking special dispensations from state regulators her husband had appointed. She also billed Madison for an option agreement that enabled Madison to use depositors' money to pay a grossly inflated price to Clinton crony Seth Ward for a dodgy property called Castle Grande. This, too, belies her past claims to bank regulators that she didn't know anything about Castle Grande, and couldn't recall working on the option agreement.

"Congenital liar?" Hard to say, but the discrepancies are serious enough and democratic accountability important enough that the Senate and House committees investigating these matters should simply get on with it and subpoena Rodham-Clinton and question her—under oath—for as long as it takes to get her whole story on the public record.

We suspect the full story of the Travel Office affair will reveal Rodham-Clinton as a relatively petty abuser of her in-house powers. Madison Guaranty, by contrast, happened before the Clintons even came to Washington. But it does involve a matter of public trust: it cost the Resolution Trust Corporation $60 million in taxpayers' money to liquidate the S&L after it collapsed under the weight of sleazy deals like Castle Grande. Rodham-Clinton says her past protestations of "limited" involvement are consistent with the newly revealed facts about her work for Madison. In her opinion, the "hour a week for fifteen months" the records show she spent on Madison is trivial. Lesser lawyers might consider sixty *billable* hours to be rather substantial.

But that is for the hearings to settle. The main point is that the cutesy evasions have to stop. The Rose billing records have been under subpoena since 1994. The White House staff had supposedly combed the building looking for them. How could they now turn up just a few feet from where Rodham-Clinton has been working on her new book—and precisely two days after the statute of limitations expired on the government's right to sue lawyers like Rodham-Clinton whose professional malperformance may have contributed to the collapse of S&L's like Madison? And were these documents spirited from Vince Foster's office the night he took his life, distraught, in part, at what would happen if Mrs. Clinton had to face the press over the Travel Office fiasco?

But there's another reason to subpoena Rodham-Clinton: Alfonse D'Amato. The senator's Whitewater hearings have been producing a steady drip of insinuations about the First Lady for weeks now. All the while, the senator has professed a pious desire to avoid subjecting her to the indignity of testifying in person. (Ditto Congressman Bill Clinger and his Travel Office inquiry.) Yeah, right. D'Amato—no stranger to sleaze himself—wants simply to prolong the Clintons' agony, while avoiding the risk of seeming to persecute Rodham-Clinton on C-SPAN and having the whole affair backfire. Like the First Lady's, his games should be ended. There's a simple constitutional way to do this. And the sooner the better. •

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NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: Police in North Hollywood have taken custody of a prosthetic arm dropped during an attempted 7-Eleven robbery.... The Florida International Museum postponed the opening of an exhibit, "Splendors of Ancient Egypt," citing concern over a reshuffling of the Egyptian cabinet.... The *Tightwad Gazette*, a magazine promoting frugality, will cease publication.... Jonesboro, Arkansas, restaurants have reported thefts totaling four tons of used grease.... During the peace negotiations on Maryland's Eastern Shore, Israeli and Syrian diplomats did agree to a screening of the movie *Heat*.

SEVEN-YEAR PLAN: President Clinton last week finally released a budget that, according to the Congressional Budget Office, will be balanced in seven years. Don't get too excited. Clinton and congressional Republicans have agreed to a goal that we wholeheartedly support but that is being slowly reached in a way that could further weaken the nation's fiscal health. Fetishizing the seven-year mark, both Republican and Democratic plans are loaded with accounting tricks to create a one-year temporary "balance." But the real problem—ballooning entitlements for ever after—still hasn't been decisively tackled by either side. What we need more than balance in 2002 is some hope of balance in 2020, when Social Security and Medicare threaten to explode the deficit. Neither plan accomplishes this. Worse, the Democrats' political success with Medicare demagoguery could make any future attempt to control entitlements all the more hopeless; and the GOP's massive future tax cuts could further cripple the government's ability to support its current constituents, let alone the next century's.

BY HIS OWN PETARD: Yehiya Ayyash was an accomplished man. In the last two years alone, he was directly responsible for the deaths of at least fifty-five and perhaps as many as seventy-five people in Israel, both Jews and Arabs, and for 300 wounded and permanently disabled. Israeli security services killed him last week in an operation approved by Prime Minister Shimon Peres, a sign that his dovishness does not extend to peace with unreconstructed professional murderers. The Palestinian body politic went apoplectic with rallies, workstoppages and wailing prayer meetings to mourn a heroic cult figure, especially to the young, who'd given Ayyash the moniker, "the engineer." The engineer of what? Of death, of course. It is the legend of Ayyash as cool orchestrater of massacres to which the masses pay homage. A Gaza psychiatrist told *The Washington Post* that the people "respect" Ayyash as "a hero who was tormenting the enemy." But it is not only the masses who do this. The PLO emissary in Washington, its virtual ambassador, Hassan Abdul Rahman, was Ayyash's intimate friend and defender in the ranks of the revolutionaries. Rashid Khalidi, a professor at the University of Chicago, and an Arafat adviser, spoke on NPR as if Ayyash were merely a badly behaved ward-heeler. And then there was Arafat himself. He paid a condolence call on the Hamas leadership and told the crowd that Ayyash was a "struggler" and "martyr." The masses are not without leaders.

WELL, *WE* HAD TO GET TO THE OFFICE: To hear *The Washington Post* tell it, the blizzard of '96 turned the Washington citizenry into a bunch of lobotomized elves. "CUSHION OF SNOW BRINGS OUT THE BEST IN FOLKS," gushed one headline. "HERE WE ARE, ALL IN IT TOGETHER!" chirruped another. "IT'S NOT JUST A JOB, IT'S A TRAVEL ADVENTURE," soothed the headline of a story describing a grim-faced woman who trudged three miles through snow drifts to get to her job as a cashier at a local supermarket. But never mind. According to the *Post*, the big snow of '96 did "not so much paralyze metropolitan Washington ... as enchant it." Judging by this Rockwellian tableau, you'd never guess that the storm had its dark side. Buried in this week's papers were grudging admissions that in Staten Island a boy had been critically

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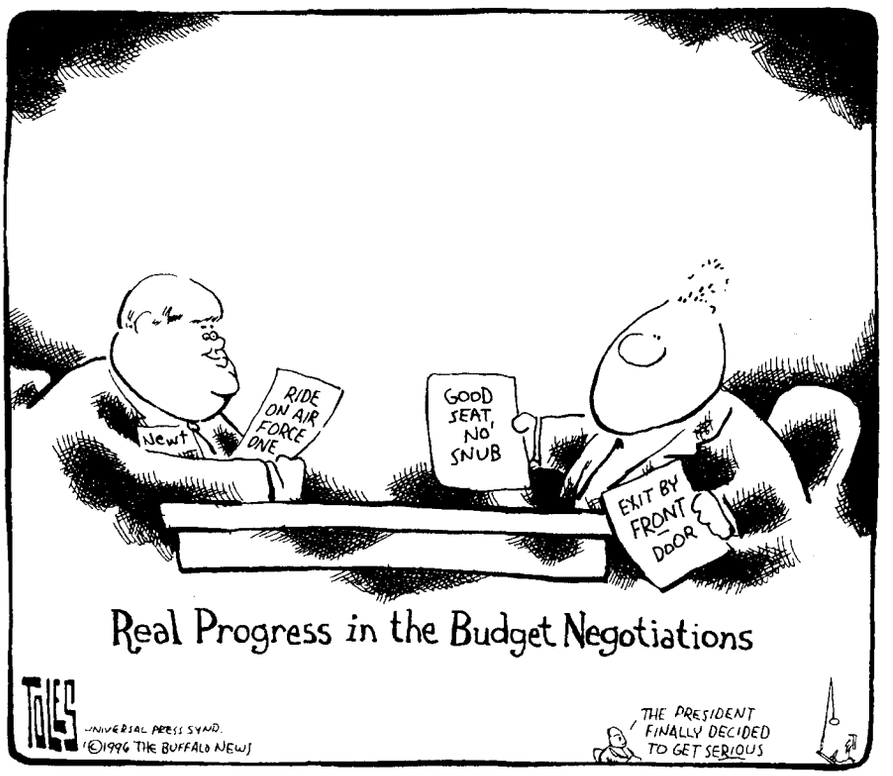
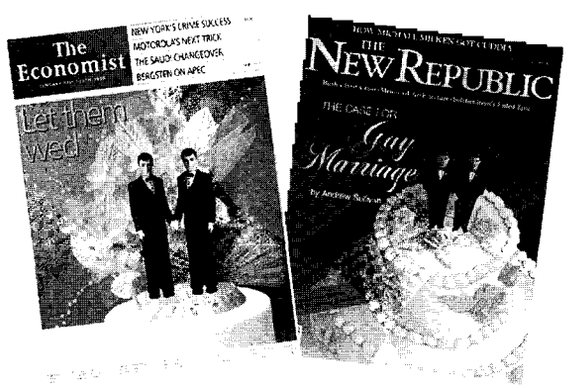
injured when his father accidently ran over him with a snow blower; that in Prince George's County, Maryland, two men in gray snowsuits took advantage of the ruckus by robbing a Giant food store; that several people died of heart attacks from shoveling snow; that for want of a piddling investment in snow ploughs, the nation's capital cost businesses millions in lost revenue; that Boston commuters trapped on a stalled Amtrak train were serenaded by fellow passenger Peter Yarrow (according to *The New York Times*, he played "Puff the Magic Dragon" and "Blowin' in the Wind"). It's no wonder, perhaps, that, according to *Post* reporter Ann O'Hanlon, calls to one D.C.-area mental health center go up 30 percent in January, while one insurance company reports that medical claims filed for mental illness are 16 percent higher. But to read her story, "THE MOST MISERABLE TIME OF THE YEAR," you had to turn to page D3.



BYE BYE, MASARI: The British government recently issued a deportation order against Mohammed al-Masari, a Saudi national who, since 1994, has lived in England, where he has waged, under cover of the Committee for the Defense of Legitimate Rights of which he is secretary-general, a propaganda war against the Riyadh government. He says that his issues are endemic corruption and dictatorship in Saudi Arabia. But his real motivations have little to do with these matters. His vague democratic rhetoric is a transparent guise for Islamic extremism. Such fanaticism is not a seamless web in the region, but there are vectors connecting the major movements and governments. Masari is at the vortex of all of these, being on the take from Iran and the Sudan, enmeshed with the Algerian and Egyptian salvationists and descending himself from a perfervid off-shoot of the Muslim Brotherhood in his own country. The Iranian bond is particularly curious since Masari is a soldier in a rabid Sunni faction that believes the Shi'a apostasy should be dealt with by slaughter. Masari's ties in Saudi Arabia are to those who believe the regime too tolerant of women's rights ("prostitutes") and too friendly to Arab-Israeli peace ("treason"). He himself said, after the November 1995 car bombing of U.S. troops in the kingdom, that they are "a legitimate target" and that this target was "very intelligently chosen." Britain had been reluctant to reject Masari's application for asylum because of his statements, but then there came definitive information from the U.S. and other governments about his financial entanglements with the religious zealot terror network, and London had virtually no alternative in British law but to bid him goodbye. The overwhelming majority of peaceful and tolerant local Muslims will be relieved when this carrier of the violent virus has left England for wherever. That wherever now looks as if it will be the island of Dominica, a country close to the "Great Satan." Masari complains he'll be unable to practice Islam there, as though England had ceased to be part of what the fundamentalists call *bilad al kufr*, the realm of unbelief. Actually, Masari could practice his pristine faith anywhere. What he'll miss in Dominica are faxes, modems, telephones that work and the opportunities for real subversion offered him by the vast Middle Eastern traffic in London. The British should be hailed for what they have done, and other countries, especially the U.S., might emulate their prudence.

A LITTLE AHEAD OF OUR TIME:



—*The Economist*, January 6, 1996

—TNR, August 28, 1989

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Failures in school privatization.

LEARNING CURVE

By Elissa Silverman

Late last fall, Baltimore Mayor Kurt Schmoke and the city's school board ostentatiously pulled the plug on a much ballyhooed experiment in school privatization. What went wrong? After all, just three years earlier, Schmoke had been touting Baltimore's contract with a Minnesota company called Education Alternatives Inc. (EAI) as a way to breathe new life into a public school system with a roughly 50 percent dropout rate; and John Golle, the enterprising president of EAI, had promised that "Over the course of the next year, we will convert the existing schools into 'community sanctuaries' that will deliver world-class education." Yet when Schmoke was deciding to cancel the EAI deal he sounded bitter, telling the press, "Even mayors get tired of being kicked around."

Baltimore's experience serves as a cautionary tale for school privatization enthusiasts, of whom there are plenty these days. Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole has pinned America's public education woes on the "dictates, meddling and politically correct dogma of federal bureaucrats." President Clinton has encouraged school districts "to experiment with ideas like chartering their schools to be run by private corporations." And former Assistant Secretary of Education Thomas Payzant told a congressional committee, "If communities want to hire companies to come in and help their schools, they ought to be able to do so."

Unlike vouchers, which guarantee school choice to parents, privatization (or, more accurately, public-private partnerships) guarantees choice to school boards. Under these schemes, local schools can contract out educational services to private vendors. Many schools already contract with private companies to perform administrative functions such as cleaning and food services. Now they can extend the idea to the classroom.

Yet teaching math, grammar or even laissez-faire economics is a far cry from trash pickup or mail delivery, and some consumers question whether its value comes with a hidden price tag. As Baltimore's experience shows, they are probably right to do so.

On the face of it, Golle's offer to Schmoke sounded like a hard one to refuse. EAI, which already managed private "Tesseract" schools in Arizona and Minnesota and one public elementary school in Miami, asked only for the average per-pupil cost, approximately $5,900 this school year, that the Baltimore school system would have spent anyway. In return EAI would save money (by, for example, contracting out administrative services and streamlining bureaucracy), plow some of those savings back into the classroom, improve student performance and even make a respectable profit to boot. "Our mission isn't to act as an employment agency, but to educate children," Golle promises.

Into some of the most impoverished neighborhood schools in Baltimore, EAI brought computers and teddy bears, rocking chairs and VCRs. In classrooms, tables in the shape of trapezoids and rectangles supplanted vertical rows of individual desks. On school walls, banners announcing that "every child has unique gifts and talents" replaced graffiti. Students began their day at a morning meeting, a kind of self-esteem pep rally, where they chanted slogans like: "I'm able to do whatever I put my mind to. I like myself.... I'm smart, I'm strong, I'm ready for whatever comes along."

Yet in the end, EAI performed cosmetic surgery—at best—on a school system badly in need of a major transplant. Last August, an independent evaluation by researchers from the Center for Educational Research at the University of Maryland Baltimore County found that despite all the attention focused on physical upgrading and staff development EAI schools were generally on a par with Baltimore public schools in similar neighborhoods. "The evaluation team found Tesseract and comparison schools more alike than different," the August 1995 report concluded.

More importantly, standardized test scores for Tesseract students in Baltimore, already dismal, declined still further in the first two years after EAI took over—while scores both for comparable schools and for the city as a whole showed modest gains. Only last year, the third year of the EAI experiment, did comprehensive test scores rise back to the city average.

Initially EAI claimed just the opposite results, announcing only months after it arrived in the Baltimore schools that it had raised test scores. When the numbers turned out to be based upon a small and unrepresentative group of students, EAI backpedaled, admitting that its report contained an error. Similar "errors" have been discovered in other EAI success stories. A year ago, the company announced a 22.2 percent increase in attendance at one EAI school. But the next day, company officials sheepishly admitted that data had been misread, and the increase was only 2.2 percent. Now John Golle denies ever having promised immediate results. "You don't sprinkle fairy dust around and all of a sudden have [achievement] grow. Perhaps if we had anything to do over again, we would have done a better job of lowering expectations," Golle told *The Baltimore Sun* last summer.

Given its sales pitch, though, EAI's failure to deliver on quality is less startling than its failure to deliver on thrift. The University of Maryland report declared that the "promise that EAI could improve instruction without spending more than Baltimore City was spending on schools has been discredited." "Discredited" is a generous evaluation.

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Records from the Baltimore City schools show that EAI received almost $18 million *more* over the past three years than comparable city schools. In fact, EAI was slated to receive $8.5 million, or approximately 11.2 percent more, for the 1995-96 school year than the city would ordinarily have spent. But wait a second, wasn't privatization supposed to save money? No, says Baltimore Schools Superintendent and EAI cheerleader Walter Amprey: "EAI just proves that we need to spend more money on our schools."

Despite getting more and performing less, however, audits by the accounting firm Arthur Andersen revealed that EAI did make good on one of its promises: it racked up at least $2.6 million in gross profits in 1992-93 and $4.3 million in 1993-94. The teachers' union accuses EAI of generating a profit by making significant cuts in expensive curricula such as art, music and special education and by pocketing Chapter I money, federal funds specifically granted to provide additional resources for disadvantaged students. The University of Maryland report confirmed that EAI offered fewer classes in art and music than comparable schools. And EAI used Chapter I funding, not, as it had promised, its own capital, to provide funds for its computer labs during its first year.

Indeed, with all its upgrades in equipment and technology, it seems the one thing EAI hasn't improved on is curriculum. In Baltimore, it chose to retain the city curriculum, simply better "aligning" it with the questions asked in comprehensive tests. Yet Baltimore had in its midst a model for a successful public-private partnership in curriculum reform: a grafting of the curriculum from the private Calvert school onto an inner-city elementary school called Barclay. Five years ago, Barclay's principal, Gertrude Williams, had to fight both the teachers' union and the former city schools superintendent to bring the Calvert school approach to her public school, but it has paid off. Calvert focuses on the substance of traditional subjects like phonics, spelling, grammar, reading, writing and math rather than on test preparation, experimental teaching methods or even computers. "We don't need self-esteem exercises; the students build it organically through the curriculum," says Williams. And though the classrooms lack rocking chairs, Barclay parents see the results. Test scores of Barclay students consistently exceed the city average; and the experiment has been deemed such a success that the city will be bringing it to a second elementary school this year.

Meanwhile, EAI has suffered another setback in Hartford, Connecticut, where the Board of Education reversed its original decision to hand over operations of all thirty-two of its schools to the company, restricting it to six instead. In November *Forbes* rated EAI one of its worst-performing stocks. But none of that has stopped Washington, D.C.'s troubled school system, among others, from considering a privatization venture with the company. And none of it has stopped John Golle, though these days he says that EAI's true mission may not be in the inner city, after all: it may be in the suburbs. •

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

WHODUNNIT?

By Matthew Cooper

"Cooper? Stephanopoulos. 8:00, Tuesday morning. I think I got it: Peter Knobler, ghost writer. *All's Fair* by Mary Matalin, James Carville. Bye."

You would think that with the Clinton administration facing budget negotiations and the First Lady's Whitewater fiasco, the phone message left on my answering machine by George Stephanopoulos might have had something to do with one of these ongoing crises. But the Senior Adviser to the President for Policy and Strategy and I have been trading calls about a far more important topic: Who wrote *Primary Colors*?

Was ist das Primary Colors? It's a novel, a terrific, anonymously written novel about the early months of the 1992 Clinton presidential campaign. Only the galleys of the book are out. The real McCoy is scheduled to hit stores later this winter from Random House. But everyone I've spoken with who has seen review copies of the book is stunned by how well it captures the players from that tumultuous race. So was I. Indeed, *Primary Colors* can be thought of as a worthy sequel to David Maraniss's *First in his Class*, the magnificent biography that follows Clinton's upward trajectory from his boyhood in Hope to the day he announced his unlikely presidential bid on the steps of the Old State House in Little Rock in 1991.

In *Primary Colors*, it's the beginning of the campaign and Clinton is Jack Stanton, the Southern governor running for president. Stephanopoulos is himself but with a twist; his analog, Henry Burton, is black, the grandson of a Martin Luther King-like figure, and the narrator of the book. Burton's race gives him a kind of detachment that makes for keen observations. James Carville is Richard Jemmons—"a hyperactive redneck from outer space"—wearing only glasses as a thin disguise. There are wickedly recognizable sketches of many other campaign characters, too. Longtime Clinton aide Betsey Wright is portrayed, with hilarious exaggeration, as Libby Holden, the Dustbuster, who cleans up the governor's mess. She is outrageous, pistol-packing, tirade-prone—and surprisingly heroic. Susan Thomases, she of Whitewater fame, makes an appearance, as does her ex-boyfriend from real life, Harold Ickes. ("The Progressive Labor Party's Fun Couple of 1971.") Mandy Grunwald, a player in 1992 but no longer an adviser to the president, is represented by Daisy Green, a nicotine-puffing New York media consul-

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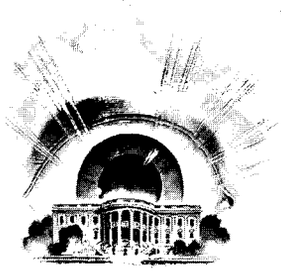
tant. In the book, Grunwald's Green sleeps with Stephanopoulos's Burton. That's fiction, although I couldn't help but read those passages with special interest since Grunwald and I have—full disclosure—been dating.

What makes the book so dead-on? For one thing, there are small inside touches. In one telling scene, the Hillary character is icily irritated by the "incompetence" of her staff. She's calmed when the governor stands behind her, putting his hands on her shoulders. Clinton insiders say that kind of thing happens. A conversation between the Clinton character and the Mario Cuomo stand-in, Governor Orlando Ozio, is rendered with uncanny accuracy, say insiders—what with Stanton talking policy and Ozio abruptly dismissing him. And there are renditions of mid-level staffers that only an insider would know, like Patty Solis, a scheduler for the First Lady. Whoever wrote this knows she's Mexican-American.



But the most important aspect of the book—and what makes it an heir to Maraniss's—is that it captures Clinton's complexity. (And does so with Carl Hiaasen hilarity.) The book is generous about his enthusiasm for policy, his real interest in making people's lives "just a little bit better." There are precise observations about the Clinton technique. The book opens with an anatomy of a handshake: "He is interested in you. He is honored to meet you.... He'll share a laugh or a secret then—a light secret, not a real one—flattering you with the illusion of conspiracy. If he doesn't know you all that well and you've just told him something 'important,' something earnest or emotional, he will lock in and honor you with a two-hander, his left hand overwhelming your wrist and forearm. He'll flash that famous misty look of his. And he will mean it." And *Primary Colors* offers deadly criticisms. With Stanton's Pavlovian empathy, for example, he feels everyone's pain. In real life, it's no coincidence that it was before a crowd of wealthy Texans that Clinton reflexively apologized for raising "your taxes." And there is this cut: Clinton is forever being bailed out by friends willing to pay the price for his indiscretions. (Look at the legal fees of all the Clinton staffers.) As one character barks: "You have *never* paid the bill."

So who wrote this thing? The possibilities are myriad. Stephanopoulos, for one, stunned by the author's intimate sense of Clinton and, perhaps tellingly, familiarity with New York politics, was moved to call *Newsweek*'s Joe Klein to ask if he did it. Klein said no. I called Peter Knobler, Stephanopoulos's other prospect. He said that he didn't write it, either. Since the book is well-crafted *and* displays a kind of intimacy with the World of Clinton, attention has gravitated toward professional writers and journalists who have covered the president. Besides Klein, likely suspects include *The New Yorker*'s Michael Kelly and former TNR political writer Sidney Blumenthal. But why would any self-respecting journalist write under a pseudonym? Michael Kramer, the *Time* magazine columnist, is the only reporter I can think of who would have reason to avoid using his name. Clinton aborted the nomination of Kramer's wife, Kimba Wood, for Attorney General. But Kramer told me he wasn't the author, and friends of his swear he didn't do it. Yours truly has been mentioned by some, but I'm too vain for a pseudonym.

That leaves someone in the Clinton orbit who needs the shield that a pseudonym provides. David Kusnet, former head speechwriter for Clinton? He has the knowledge, but *Primary Colors* lacks the populist tenor that he brought to the White House. David Dreyer, a former White House aide, now at the Treasury Department? He could have done it, but close friends say he wouldn't risk his job for a book like this. Paul Begala, the former Clinton consultant, had the familiarity. But the tempered pace of the book doesn't display his trademark one-liners. And Begala spent most of his time on the campaign plane with Clinton rather than in Little Rock and in key primary states, where most of the book is centered. Dee Dee Myers, the former press secretary, has been too busy; and, besides, the book is dedicated to a "spouse," which Myers doesn't have. Among presidential friends who might need the cloak of anonymity is Tommy Caplan, a Clinton pal from Georgetown days and a novelist. Caplan swears: "It's not me." Besides, why would Caplan write a book about '90s Clinton staffers rather than the Clinton of the '60s?

Well, whoever wrote it, thanks. The Washington novel is a tired genre, dominated by formulaic thrillers with titles like *The Senator's Mistress*. Finally, the modern campaign—and Clinton—have the novelist that they deserve. •

Saddam's weapons revealed.

THE IRAQ PAPERS

By Kenneth Timmerman

As the world sat poised on the edge of war in January, 1991, journalists, retired military officers, government officials and just about anyone else with a claim to knowledge about Iraq's military capabilities was speculating on how Saddam would respond to the coming onslaught. Would he use chemical weapons against the Allies? Would our troops be able to fight a chemical war? Did he have a nuclear weapon? And if he did, would he use it? In his oft-quoted speech before U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia on Thanksgiving Day 1990, President Bush gave an extra fillip to these fears.

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DEATH HAPPENS

Our culture does its best to distract us from one brutal fact: We die. Perhaps you tune God out, but He's sitting up there in a corner, just waiting. Sooner or later we'll have to settle accounts. No consuming pleasure, earthly utopia, therapy, or opiate will spare us.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with the Ultimate Questions: evil, suffering, faith, love, and death. Not that we're trying to scare you into subscribing, but only by squarely facing our mortality do we have a chance of grasping the reason we were put here. We probe the spiritual wisdom offered not only by the Bible but by such giants as Augustine, Aquinas, Dante, Kierkegaard, Newman, Dostoyevsky, Eliot, Maritain, Mauriac, Solzhenitsyn, Thomas More, Dorothy Day, C.S. Lewis, Flannery O'Connor. We also scrutinize a wide range of contemporary issues, including the quest for a more just and humane world, but refuse to subordinate religion to political ideology.

A Catholic monthly magazine, we've been characterized by *Newsweek* as "cheeky" (it takes cheek to mention death, especially in an ad!), by Martin E. Marty as "lively" (in every sense, we hope), and by *Utne Reader* as "surprisingly original" (which shouldn't surprise you). We publish both Catholics and non-Catholics. Writers who've appeared in our pages include such diversely penetrating intellects as Walker Percy, Irving Howe, Christopher Lasch, George Kennan, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Robert Coles, Norman Lear, John Lukacs, Avery Dulles, Robert Bellah, Sheldon Vanauken, John T. Noonan Jr., and Daniel Bell. At the risk of sinning against humility, we note that *Library Journal* calls us "brilliant." Frankly, we're "influential," to quote the *Los Angeles Times*.

We're tailor-made for inquisitive people — like you, we presume. So no excuses for turning the page! We can't guarantee you'll agree with us on everything, but we dare say you won't find us dull or deadly.

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He warned that the U.S. had recent information indicating that Iraq was much closer to fielding a nuclear weapon than previously thought. It was up to the U.S. to go in there and take it out, Bush said, because "[Saddam] has never possessed a weapon he didn't use."

Bush, it turns out, was right. Despite the Pentagon's early announcement of the demise of Saddam's nuclear and chemical weapons programs on January 21, 1991—after only four full nights of Allied bombing—new information shows how close a call we faced. It now appears, from captured Iraqi documents and from newly declassified U.S. intelligence reports, that Saddam Hussein actually gave orders to his field commanders to use chemical weapons against Allied forces but that these orders were not obeyed. Furthermore, the documents show that Iraq filled its extended-range SCUD missiles and aerial bombs with biological warfare agents and deployed them on the battlefield.

Other documents recently discovered by the U.N. Special Commission (UNSCOM) reveal that Iraq had a crash program in January 1991 to build a single nuclear warhead from the highly enriched uranium reactor fuel it had received from France and the Soviet Union and was planning to build dirty nukes (radiological weapons) with its spent reactor fuel. These new documents show in chilling detail that Saddam fully intended to use some of the deadliest weapons known to man if the Allies marched on Baghdad. Knowledge of this "red line" may have influenced the U.S. decision to halt the ground war after only four days.

While in Riyadh, General Norman Schwarzkopf was proclaiming the end of the Iraqi nuclear and chemical threat, and a furious debate was raging behind the scenes. Senior military commanders in the Gulf wanted to know whether they could safely bomb the special bunkers where Iraq's chemical weapons were stored without creating massive "collateral damage" (that is, thousands of Iraqi civilian deaths when nerve agents released by the bombings inevitably drifted into the atmosphere). Military planners also wanted to know whether they could safely bomb Iraqi biological weapons storehouses.

Until recently, there had been no public confirmation that Iraq had ever developed a biological weapons program, let alone that it had fielded such weapons in the war. An October 22, 1990, study prepared by the Armed Forces Medical Intelligence Center had taken a dark view, warning military planners that Allied bombings of Iraqi arms plants could release "some deadly concentrated BW [biological weapons] agent ... into the atmosphere in the form of a plume.... Depending on the concentration of agent, the elevation of agent plume, and environmental factors such as wind speed and inversion conditions, as little as 100 kilograms of anthrax bacteria ... could travel several hundred miles. Considering the above factors and wind direction many thousands of fatal casualties could be realized in neighboring countries such as Syria, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Lebanon, Turkey, Israel, Iran, and the Soviet Union."

After an intense debate back in Washington, however, it was decided that these dramatic estimates of the potential damage from bombing Iraqi BW sites were too high. A January 9, 1991, report from an interagency "Fusion Committee," which finally gave the green light to bomb the storehouses and Iraq's BW plants, concluded that "the [earlier] estimate was three times too high." In the event that leakage occurred, the Committee estimated casualties ranging from the tens to hundreds at small facilities, to "less than 5,000" at Iraq's largest BW facility, just north of Baghdad. (The earlier estimate had placed possible casualties at the Taji plant at 120,000 to 224,000.)

In weighing the possible risks of contamination from bombing, the intelligence community (unlike the more politically driven "Fusion Committee") reacted with extreme caution—and for good reason. By mid-January 1991, U.S. reconnaissance flights and spy satellites had located no fewer than twenty-four chemical and biological decontamination sites previously installed by the Iraqis inside Kuwait and in southern Iraq. These were large washing areas that would allow Iraqi special troops to hose off trucks, tanks and individuals in the event they were hit by "blowback" from their own chemical and biological agents or hit by a reprisal Allied chemical attack. The report warned laconically: "Traditionally, Iraq has not deployed its chemical weapons to forward-based units until their use was imminent."

Gulf war veterans' groups believe that more than 70,000 vets and their dependents may be suffering as a result of low-level exposure to chemical and biological agents released into the atmosphere by these bombings. It is now clear from the voluminous record of the intelligence available to U.S. commanders at the time that a strong risk of contamination existed and that this risk was discounted as politically inexpedient. After all, if Allied commanders had held up the attack because of fears of chemical and biological contamination, Saddam could have gloated that he had won the war.

But low-level contamination was not the only risk U.S. troops faced. What if Saddam Hussein decided to use his weapons? An Iraqi field manual captured after the war details Iraq's doctrine on the military use of weapons of mass destruction. Chemical weapons are "always useful to the first user," the manual instructs. It went on to provide scenarios for field commanders on how to use chemical weapons in surprise attacks.

This and other documents clearly illustrate that Iraq had given detailed instructions to its troops on how to launch chemical and biological attacks against Allied forces. The "trigger" for such an attack was to have been the invasion of Iraq. Iraq built successive defense lines inside Kuwait and was prepared to fall back to positions just inside its own border. However, if this final "Maginot line" was breached, the documents show the Iraqis were preparing to respond with a chemical or biological attack.

One captured Iraqi document suggests a new scenario that could have contributed to Gulf war syndrome. It details the procedures for setting fire to Kuwait's oil wells, specifying that this was to be done by Iraqi chemi-

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cal assault troops suited up in full chemical-biological-nuclear protection gear—an unnecessary and potentially dangerous precaution if they were just using conventional explosives.

Some sources believe the Iraqis may have used the oil-well fires to disguise their disposal of the excess (and leaky) chemical munitions they had transported into Kuwait, once they realized they had been routed and that the munitions would be discovered by Allied troops. Backing up this hypothesis is the fact that the Allies never found—or at least, have never admitted it to this day—any significant stockpile of Iraqi chemical munitions inside Kuwait.

But in the end, the most astonishing revelation contained in the new Pentagon documents may well be the extent of knowledge available to the U.S. intelligence community on Iraq's chemical and biological programs prior to the war. As early as June 1988, the U.S. knew that Iraq was developing biological warfare agents and had identified production sites and foreign suppliers. We knew which Swiss and Italian firms were supplying Iraq with the large-scale fermenters they needed to grow toxic agents and when they had shipped the fermenters to Iraq. We even knew that Iraq was receiving toxic strains from a company in Rockville, Maryland, with export licenses approved by the U.S. Department of Commerce. And yet nothing was ever done to prevent these deliveries.

By October 1990, the Pentagon concluded that Iraq had succeeded in packing anthrax and botulinum toxins into aerial bombs and instructed field commanders to operate under the "possibility that biological or toxin warheads are also in the current Iraqi inventory" of SCUD missiles. In one detailed warning dispatched to U.S. field commanders, the Pentagon noted that "neither agent can be detected by U.S. detectors" and that Allied warships were virtually defenseless against a BW attack.

Rolf Ekeus, who heads the U.N. effort to destroy Iraq's weapons of mass destruction, has suspected for some time that the Iraqis had manufactured BW agents. The "smoking gun" was seventeen tons of biological growth media the Iraqis had purchased in 1988 and 1989 but could no longer account for. Medical and veterinary researchers purchase similar nutrients but in such small quantities that the media is packaged in one- or two-pound bags. The Iraqis bought their media in batches of several tons and had it shipped in fifty-gallon drums. The missing seventeen tons of media could have grown enough biological agent "to kill every man, woman and child on the face of the earth," Ekeus said. According to Iraq's account, the media had been destroyed during the Allied bombardment.

Ekeus told reporters many months before Iraqi defector Lieutenant General Hussein Kamel exposed the biological weapons program in August 1995 that he believed the Iraqis had used the media just prior to the war for its original purpose: to grow toxins. He speculated that Iraq freeze-dried them and either used them during the war at low levels or hid them for future use.

I showed some of the now-declassified intelligence documents to Ekeus a few weeks ago. He studied them carefully, his eyes widening, and then told me that he had never seen them before. I pointed out some of the passages where Iraq's foreign suppliers were clearly identified—one of the U.N.'s consistent peeves with Iraq. "That's intelligence," Ekeus said. "It's so secret they can't even use it. They assembled so much information and then they don't dare to share it. It makes it totally meaningless."

With the wealth of new information that is now coming to light on Iraq's chemical, biological and nuclear weapons programs, the most amazing thing about the Gulf war is that Saddam never used those weapons. U.S. military commanders took a calculated risk—and won. But as many Gulf war veterans who are afflicted with diseases that may be attributable to low-level exposure to these weapons complain, the Allies may have paid a much higher price for that victory than we once believed.

KENNETH TIMMERMAN is the director of the Middle East Data Project and author of *The Death Lobby: How the West Armed Iraq* (Houghton Mifflin).

Russia's election results revisited.

RED ALERT

By Peter Reddaway

When the early results of the Russian elections of December 17 came in, the American reaction was remarkably sanguine. The day after the clear-cut communist-nationalist victory, White House spokesman Michael McCurry saw "a strong presence in the newly elected Duma of reformers and those committed to democracy and market economics." Michael McFaul of Stanford University, like other Russia experts quoted in the media, held in a *New York Times* op-ed that "the election was a virtual replay of the voting in 1993" and that the overall balance of seats between hard-liners and reformists "will not change significantly." Moreover, "the electorate ... has remained extremely stable in its sentiments."

Now that fuller data are available, it is clear that these commentators were seriously off-base. The results show unambiguously that hard-line forces made big gains; that democratic parties suffered heavy losses; that forces hostile to market reform advanced; and that both President Yeltsin and Prime Minister Chernomyrdin were humiliated.

Most of these points are illustrated by the fate of the

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only two parties of any size that are truly committed to democracy and free markets. Led by the economists Grigory Yavlinsky and Yegor Gaidar, these parties will, *pace* Mr. McCurry, have only 12 percent of the seats in the new Duma, compared to twice that number after the 1993 election. In terms of the popular vote for parties (as opposed to individual candidates) they did equally poorly. Their combined share of the party vote dropped from 23 percent in 1993 to 10.8 percent.

More broadly, McCurry and McFaul fail to note that, since 1993, the center of gravity of public opinion has moved sharply in the "wrong" direction on key issues. During the election, dominant attitudes among the voters were coolness and even hostility to market reforms and to the West, a desire to reincorporate Russia's neighbors into a new version of the USSR and a yearning for an "iron hand" at home. To Russians, this term means a moderately authoritarian rule to deal with crime, corruption and the impoverishment of half the population. In my opinion, such rule would inevitably—even though many voters do not as yet say they want this—put an end to much of what is now left of Russian democracy.

What is the likely new balance of forces in the Duma? To date, we know for sure the party affiliation of 373 of the 450 deputies. Politically, they fall into four categories. The first two are generally authoritarian and anti-Western in tendency: the communists, who with the Agrarians will have about 178 seats, and the hard-line nationalists, who will have about sixty-seven. Third come the centrists, most of whom have shown scant interest in democracy but a strong commitment to political elitism and economic power for themselves. They will have about sixty-five seats. And fourth are the democrats, who will have about sixty-three. This would give the hard-liners an advantage on political issues of about 245 to 128 over the combined centrists and democrats. The hard-liners, of course, are likely to prove almost as disunited as their notoriously fractious opponents: fifty-one of them belong to the ultra-nationalist, Führer-run party of Vladimir Zhirinovsky, who has never been interested in making a stable coalition with any other party.

The remaining seventy-seven deputies are independents. Preliminary indications suggest that those who will align with the above groupings (and not just represent special interests) will change the balance only a little. So the Duma should have roughly this political coloration: about 16 percent democratic (half of the 1993 figure), 45 percent communist (twice the 1993 figure), 15 percent hard-line nationalist, 19 percent centrist and 5 percent special interests and "other."

If we narrow the focus to look at parties' policies on foreign affairs, especially at whether they favor Russia's integration into Western security systems or, alternatively, a return to Soviet-style superpower aspirations, the result is similar. While the views of a few deputies cannot yet be gauged, some 62 percent of those who can be categorized appear to fall in the latter camp and only about 17 percent in the former (with the remainder in the middle). This represents a swing of over 20 percent in the anti-Western direction, compared to 1993.

A third categorization of the new Duma in terms mainly of deputies' attitudes to economic reform is not encouraging, either. Developed by a leading Russian analyst of election results, Alexander Sobyanin, and his colleague Vladislav Sukhovolsky, it finds that only 16 percent of the deputies strongly favor market reform, 24 percent are "centrists," and almost 60 percent prefer a heavily socialized economy—compared to a mere 40 percent in 1993.

Yeltsin and Chernomyrdin's Panglossian denial of setbacks of this magnitude has been striking. Before the election Yeltsin implored the Russian people not to court civil war by voting for the communists. After it, he airily claimed to see no cause for anxiety. And Chernomyrdin, having looked forward to his party winning "120 to 140 seats," tried to present the fifty-five it actually won as some sort of victory. Even the fifty-five figure would probably have been lower if the party had not, as the evidence suggests, grossly exceeded the limits on campaign expenditures.

In the near term, Yeltsin may well try to appease the voters with some cabinet changes. But even if he doesn't, no major political upheavals are likely before the spring, because the Duma's powers are too limited. At that point Yeltsin will have to decide whether to proceed with the much more crucial presidential election set for June or—fearing personal disaster—to postpone it, using one of many long-prepared pretexts. These include a declaration of emergency rule due to the alleged danger either of "the rise of fascism," or of terrorism linked to the Chechen war, or of increased Mafia mayhem, or of the general level of instability. The current trend toward the reunification of Russia and Belarus could also provide a different sort of pretext, allowing presidential elections to be delayed until after the new union has been finalized.

If Yeltsin were to use one of these pretexts without the consent of a majority of the Duma—a contingency that Russians (though not Western wishful thinkers) take seriously—he would be tearing up the Constitution. The political situation would then become even more unstable than it is now. But Yeltsin may not want to run such an enormous risk. He may prefer to embark on the distasteful but safer task of trying to negotiate a strategic compromise with the Duma opposition of communist and nationalist hard-liners. This would probably involve the opposition agreeing to postpone the election in return for such concessions as a dominant position in a new cabinet, a decisive change of course in the government's economic and social policy and Yeltsin's help in amending the Constitution so as to transfer some of the president's powers to the legislature. Without such a compromise, the hard-liners will probably prefer to remain in opposition and build up their indictment of Yeltsin and the government over the five months remaining before the election.

Whatever happens, though, Washington needs to recognize last month's Duma elections as another serious setback to its own hopes and to revise its strategy

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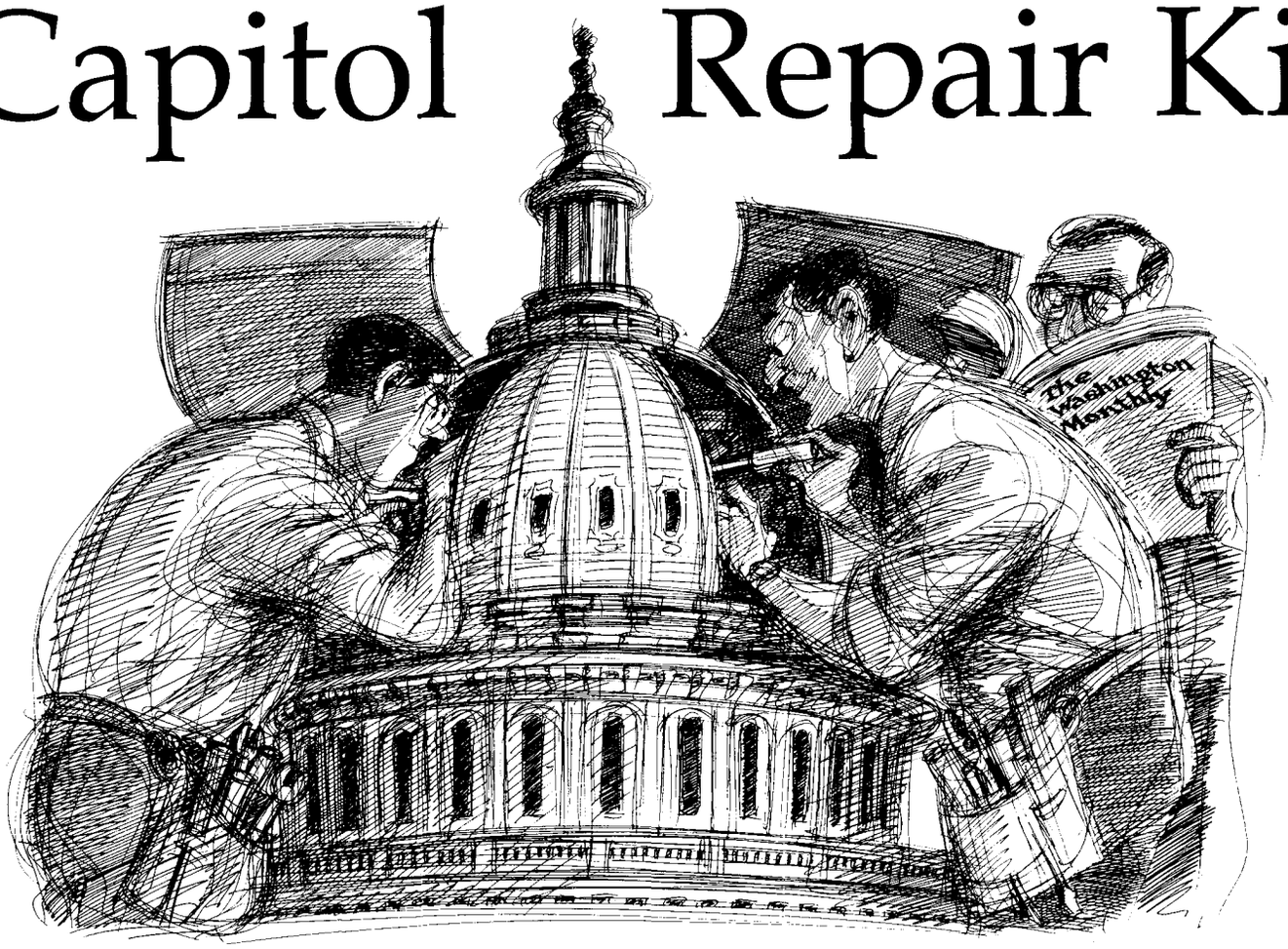

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accordingly. First, the U.S. should stop taking sides in Russia's internal politics. We have long been fostering anti-Americanism by aggressively supporting Yeltsin and Chernomyrdin in ways we would find highly offensive if they were practiced in reverse. Putting the main weight of our support behind Chernomyrdin rather than the now widely despised Yeltsin is only a minor improvement in a bad policy. Chernomyrdin has been a weak prime minister in most regards, has failed to answer public charges of large-scale personal corruption and has now been humiliated in the election.

Second, we should start to prepare seriously for dealing with a Russia increasingly run by communists and nationalists. The shift may be sudden or gradual and may also be accompanied by the appearance of Yeltsin Mark 5, restyled as a nationalist and authoritarian. (In earlier lives he was an orthodox communist, a renegade communist, a democrat and a tentative autocrat.) All this requires of the U.S. serious efforts to get to know and understand the opposition leaders. Nothing would help more in this regard than a clear (or at least implied) admission that the previous U.S. partisanship was unwise.

Third, the administration should admit that several years of IMF-directed attempts at macroeconomic stabilization have not worked. Something is fundamentally wrong when the IMF is pumping into Russia billions of dollars in loans, while sums from two to ten times as large (depending on whose estimate is correct) are simultaneously leaving the country in capital flight. The clue lies in the miserably low level of domestic and foreign direct investment. These are held down by investors' deep uncertainties about ownership rights, taxation policies, organized crime, potential renationalization of privatized assets and general political instability. The U.S. needs to decide that it is healthier for the Russians to be allowed to make their own economic policy, even if it includes many mistakes, and to content ourselves with playing a non-directive, supporting role.

Fourth, the U.S. should stop soft-pedaling on the Russian war in Chechnya. The administration's support for the Russian invasion in December 1994 will go down as a shameful day in the history of American diplomacy. But ever since that support was toned down two weeks later the U.S. has been unwilling to exert serious pressure on Yeltsin to end a war of awful savagery which, from the first day, has undermined Russia's democracy, sapped its economy and dismayed most of its people.

And finally, the administration must realize that the Russian state is now so weak that organized crime and corruption will go on flourishing, and order will not be restored, for an unknown number of years—years in which many unpredictable things will happen. This puts a premium on such policy issues as the Mafia, refugees and peacekeeping, and on planning for a wide range of contingencies not just in Russia, but in much of eastern Eurasia. December 17 was a clear warning shot. It's time for the West to stop covering its ears.

PETER REDDAWAY is professor of political science at George Washington University.

CAMPAIGN JOURNAL

LET THE GAMES BEGIN!

By Michael Lewis

January 2, 1996.

It is difficult to believe that the race for the Republican nomination, or any other race for that matter, could begin in Manchester, New Hampshire. On the way up, in the whirling snow, cars zipped past me on the highway as if immune to danger; every twenty minutes or so one of them would spin out of control and go plunging off the side of the road. The same people who refuse to fly after a bomb explodes on a commercial airliner hurtle along grimly through a blizzard toward almost certain disaster. Live Free or Die. When I arrive, the only sign of life at 8:00 in the evening were several cars and a couple of dark stooped figures on foot, all heading through the snow in the same direction. I followed on the assumption that if there was only one place in Manchester to go to get out of this mess I wanted to be there. Their tracks ended at the front door of a porn video store called Forbidden Fruit. Then in the distance I spotted a light. On closer inspection it is Phil Gramm's campaign headquarters. A young man is tucked behind a desk at the back. I knock and do my best to explain my business, even though I am not exactly sure what that is. Happily, he seems almost to be expecting me. He keeps calling me "sir," and instead of just handing me Gramm's schedule, he sits down and laboriously copies out by hand what he feels I need to know. Tomorrow Gramm is coming to New Hampshire.

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January 3.

The phone rings at 7:00 the next morning. It's another eager Gramm aide wanting to know if I would like to attend a breakfast at 8:00 at which Gramm is speaking. "I can come pick you up," he said, with a hopefulness that gave him away. I may be new to the campaign trail, but I'm not that new. I rolled over and went back to sleep. Outside, the snow fell.

Two hours later it turns out that all one needs to do to become a campaign reporter is call the campaign headquarters, find out where the candidate is going and tell them you want to come along. They don't seem to care very much where you are from, just as long as you agree to play the role of journalist. If you insist, they will fetch you at your hotel and drive you halfway across the country. For free!

This evening's event was an hour passed with a family of undecided voters in a town called Salem. They are a couple in their late 30s named Matt and Kate Conway. He sells hockey equipment, she is a "housewife or homemaker or whatever the correct term is," as he put it. Before Gramm arrives, Matt tells the assembled journalists that "we are a typical middle-American Ozzie and Harriet family; we really are." The point of the meeting is for Gramm to display his commitment to a balanced budget.

PHIL GRAMM BY TAYLOR JONES FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Gramm arrives, and within five minutes the Conways seem like guests in their own home. Gramm sits down between them at their dining-room table and starts to make magic with his numbers. He does not explain *how* he would balance the budget or even *why* the budget should be balanced—except for a felonious chart he uses to show how much money the typical American family would save from the resulting decline in interest rates. But he does persuade the Conways that Phil Gramm, unlike any other politician, truly is committed to balancing the budget and giving America back to the people. He peddles his balanced budget idea like an Amway salesman; from the moment he pulled out his foot-high laminated chart I kept waiting for him to offer them a new line of steak knives or household disinfectants, but no, he just kept rambling on and on about the budget. Even when the typical 8-year-old twins who belonged to this typical American family rushed into the dining room and demanded to play with mommy and daddy Gramm said, wittily, "Let's see how good they'll feel when they find out they'll have to pay $197,000 in income taxes just to cover the interest on the public debt." I thought I saw one of the children flinch, but perhaps I was mistaken.

Gramm is charming enough, but he's no match for Clinton. His trouble is that he isn't terribly interested in what other people have to say. I recall reading somewhere about Gramm's upbringing in Columbus, Georgia. After his father became ill his mother used to take little Phil from their lower-middle-class house to the rich folks' neighborhood, where she would point to the houses and say, "If you work hard you can live in one of *those*!" People really do think like that. The effect on Phil seems mainly to have concentrated his mind on winning the biggest thing he could possibly win: that's what motivates him, as it motivates Dole. He's not interested in the people who vote for him. In Fran Lebowitz's formulation, for Gramm the opposite of talking isn't listening. It's waiting. When the Conways said something he held his breath until they finished—offering an encouraging nod and his endless taut ironical mouth—and then launched into some speech. ("Well, let me tell you the point I want to make....") The best he could do was relate whatever they said to his own life:

> Matt: "I was born in Pearl Harbor." Phil: "Oh, really? My wife is from Hawaii."

The mouth is the giveaway. Hard, tiny dimples frame his pucker like parentheses. At some point in his life he learned that the way to look smart was to look as if you were always about to laugh at whatever anyone, himself not excluded, was about to say. Every now and then Gramm gets wrongfooted and greets the news of some terrible human tragedy with his little mouth-dimples. Then he has quickly to change his expression, to show that he is still listening. The trouble is he doesn't really have another expression. He wants to put everything that is said inside his parentheses. Talking to Phil Gramm is like being in on one endless aside.

Then again maybe I've got it wrong. Gramm's teeth are very bad; he has the worst orthodontia in this campaign, by far. They are discolored and look as if each and every one has been sharpened to a point—more like animal teeth or pumpkin teeth than human teeth. They alone give you some idea of the poverty he experienced as a child. On the rare occasions he smiles he is frightening. Perhaps he clenches his mouth the way he does because he wants to convey bonhomie yet is

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uncomfortable with his smile. If so, it shows how physical traits can lead to emotional ones. He's worn his wry look so long that he has become permanently wry.

Whatever the cause of the Gramm mouth, the effect is to make people feel that they are in on some joke they probably don't quite get. Except he's chosen the wrong people to do this with. Kate Conway is fairly nervous, as anyone would be who is suddenly facing a dozen people she does not know asking her questions about the future of the republic. But Matt is Mr. "Capital Gang." Twenty minutes into the visit he was offering Gramm some fairly plausible-sounding advice about how to package his views. He mentions in passing that he lives near "Bush's FEMA head," whatever that is. He said—I swear—that they "came very close to buying the house next to John Sununu's." And he has this strange habit of discussing himself as an archetype. In the context of what was supposed to be a perfectly ordinary conversation (albeit with half a dozen members of the press corps looking on), he'd say things to Gramm like "this house was about $200,000 to get our piece of the American dream." Do real people really think like this?

Perhaps this is the place for a brief note on the weirdness of New Hampshire. It contains the world's most professional electorate. Every candidate knows that 10,000 New Hampshire votes might be the difference between winning the White House and ending one's days in obscurity; every voter knows this, too. The state has organized itself so that it is not organized: no one can deliver many votes. Every single citizen must be thoroughly sucked up to, one at a time. The primary is therefore a painful extortion: the people may say that they are for less taxes and smaller government, but they are engaged in the shakedown and are only just worth what they are paid for their votes. And it works. New Hampshire currently is one of the biggest per-capita recipients of discretionary Medicaid dollars. The Portsmouth Naval Yard has managed to remain open during the furlough. Half of New Hampshire seems to have pictures of itself shaking hands with the president on its living room walls; the other half actually gets political appointments after the election. (Apparently Clinton made some N.H. nobody the ambassador to Belize.)

The state is famous for surprising election results, and no wonder. Everyone involved has an interest in making this campaign interesting—thus attracting reporters, attention, campaign promises and money to themselves. Every New Hampshire reporter—indeed every New Hampshire resident—is like a sports announcer trying to keep his audience glued to the box during a rout. The other day one of the campaigns, for example, gets a call from a fellow named Carl Cameron, the *only* local New Hampshire television reporter (ABC affiliate) and thus a person of influence. He tells the campaign the piece he wants to do that night. He'll lead with the fact that Dole *seems* to be running away with it, but New Hampshire has a habit of upsetting front-runners. Then he'll assert that Dole's support is not terribly enthusiastic—cut to man on street who says he isn't very enthusiastic about Dole—and feed the competing campaign a question about Dole, which it can put away. So there! You see! Dole's in trouble.

At the end of the home visit I overhear Matt ask Gramm about fuel subsidies, and Gramm said he was doing what he could for the state. This in spite of the fact that the entire evening was devoted to the importance of getting the government out of the Conways' hair. Matt and Phil chitchat privately about pork. Although Gramm doesn't listen he is acutely observant. One of the key features of the house, which I couldn't believe he would bother to notice, was the dining-room furniture. Unlike everything else in the house—and the house itself—it looked old and cherished. At the end of his disquisition on fuel oil Gramm asks, "Did you get this furniture from your parents?" After Gramm leaves the Conways tell the journalists that though they are genuinely undecided they liked Gramm immensely and may well vote for him.

One other odd trait of Gramm's: he's a foot masturbator. The moment he climbs aboard a plane or into a car he removes his shoes and massages his feet. His feet don't smell, but it is still a revolting habit, like chewing tobacco.

January 7.

It is a special day—the day of the Republican State Committee Dinner, which will gather all the candidates in one room at the Holiday Inn. By 8 a.m. the Morry Taylor people have planted their signs in all the best places. Four teenage supporters of Buchanan are left to wave their signs on a frozen street corner. It is thirteen below zero with the wind-chill factor, and yet they seem perfectly happy to stand there and jab their little signs up in the air in an attempt to catch the attention of passing motorists. Driving past them with the chauffeur from the Holiday Inn, I asked him who he was for. "I don't pay much attention to voting," he said. Then a little while later he said, "Clinton seems to be doing about as good a job as you can do. I guess I'd like him to stay there." I think I made him feel badly about not having an opinion. This is an example of a second, related New Hampshire phenomenon: people who have no natural interest in politics feel guilty about it. They acquire political opinions to avoid social embarrassment.

By 4:30 a crowd awaits the candidates. Along the corridor leading to the grand ballroom campaign aides open booths and distribute literature. There is also one nonpartisan booth called GOP Shoppe. It sells paraphernalia: buttons, ties, sweatshirts, etc. The owner, a young Republican, tells me that while business has been booming in Forbes and Buchanan he did not sell a single Dole item—nary a button—in the last three weeks of the year. Although he is their front-runner, Republicans remain much less interested in plastering Dole's name all over themselves than just about any other candidate.

Disappointing news: Dole, Gramm and Forbes are not going to make it. They are snowed in in Washington and New York.

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Republicans stand around ostensibly enjoying a cocktail hour but in fact mourning the absence of the frontrunner and waiting for the dinner to begin. Jim Courtovich, Gramm's campaign manager, comes over and spins me till I'm dizzy: "You've heard of the A Team," he says. "Well, what we've got here is the B Team." But here even the B Team are celebrities. People are actually asking Morry Taylor for his autograph. Morry Taylor! A crowd gathers in a bar to one side of the hotel, and you would think from its size and enthusiasm that Michael Jackson is about to turn up. "We're waiting for Dick Lugar to arrive," one of the enthusiasts explains.

At length I spot the Conways, the self-described typical middle-American couple, standing alone in the middle of the vast ballroom. Matt explains they are sitting at a Forbes table. It turns out that his other next-door neighbor (the one who doesn't work for Gramm) works for Forbes. He realizes how fickle he appears, what with him having sung the praises of Gramm in his foyer to the national press just three days earlier. "The Gramm people called and asked if I wanted to sit next to the senator," he says, "and I would have liked to.... I really would have."

Matt has a confession to make. His home visit from Gramm wasn't as spontaneous as it appeared. The Gramm people called to prep him before the senator arrived. Alarmed by how well and broadly informed he was they asked him to stick to the budget. "They especially didn't want me to ask anything about Bosnia," Matt now admits. I ask Kate if she noticed that Gramm looked her in the chest as he spoke to her. She did; it was one of the things she noticed most about him. Her husband seemed slightly shocked. "I didn't want to tell you," she explains.

At the dinner I am seated not with the press but with the Buchanan supporters, who occupy a large corner of the ballroom. Unlike the Forbes supporters, who clearly are wearing what they do every night, the Buchanan supporters look as if they have dressed up for the first time in years. The more you look at it, the more the Buchanan section reminds you of the cast of some morality play waiting to take the stage. In addition to the jowly red-faced old men and the paunchy, bench-pressing young men, the section contains a real live minister in collar and a young woman who is a dead ringer for Brooke Shields. The young woman has no interest whatsoever in the priest, the politician or the speeches; indeed, she works at cross-purposes with them. She is busy winning the competition with them for the attention of the New Hampshire Republican mind.

Nothing much happens the first half of the dinner, but then Alan Keyes carves a path through the Buchanan section. Keyes has been sounding a single note: he is the moralist in this campaign. It's an astonishing position for someone who is running against Pat Buchanan, and it says a lot about the Republican race thus far that he fits in as well as he does. Keyes has no interest in economic issues, only social ones. He wants the government to make people behave themselves, more or less. This seems to mean principally not having sex with anyone who is not your spouse.

To promote his program, Keyes works every table in our corner of the room. He shakes the hand of every Buchanan supporter. He tries to get off cheaply, as they all do, by shaking my hand and telling me how good it is to meet me. I explain to him that I write for THE NEW REPUBLIC and that, if he buys a subscription, I will write an article about him. I want to see if the raging moralist can also operate on the level of irony. He can't. He turns and says, quite seriously, "You are easily bribed." True enough, I think, but I don't stay bribed for long. Before I can finish the exchange, however, all hell breaks loose. Buchanan's press director, Mike Biundo, jokingly asks Keyes what it would take for him to endorse Pat. Keyes flips out, yelling and screaming about what a racist Pat Buchanan is.

It turns out that a week or so before, Buchanan included in one of his speeches a story about John Dean, John Mitchell and the Hopi Indians. (The gist of it was that Dean plea-bargained to continue his charitable work with the Hopi Indians. Mitchell's lawyer followed. But before he did, Mitchell leaned over to him and whispered in a voice loud enough that the whole courtroom heard, "If they offer you the Indians, turn them down.")

"Why is this funny?" screams Keyes at Biundo, so loudly that all of a sudden our table is the focus of attention for half the ballroom. "Will someone please explain to me why this is funny?"

Certainly, the way he tells the story, it isn't funny at all, but who knows? With a little less indignation and a little more work on the punch line, it might get a chuckle. You can't help but pity poor Biundo. He is sitting there with a kind of nervous nausea on his face, staring up at a black man raving on like a lunatic about the importance of Indians to the Republican Party. If you saw this scene unfold on the street you would cross over to avoid the man who is shouting and wonder why they ever let those people out of the mental institutions in the first place. But here it is a major media event. Reporters with notepads and bearded guys with TV cameras come racing over to capture the moment. The New Hampshire primary was passing before Mike Biundo's eyes. You could see him thinking: *I'm going to be remembered as the guy who hates Indians.*

If Keyes is faking it, he's doing a great job. He's ranting on about how he just met with Native Americans who *wept* at the thought that abortion was legal and yet he couldn't get them to join the Republican Party because Pat Buchanan was running around America making fun of the natives. "*Do you find that funny?*" he shouts again. Now virtually every camera in the place is lined up so that Keyes can repeat his rage to CNN, WMUR, the Boston stations, etc. And he does! He gets angry all over again. The most conservative candidate at a conservative convention is openly gunning for the

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p.c. vote. It's probably not the first time that a black man has charged Pat with racism, but it may be the first time that a black man has charged Pat with racism against Native Americans.

I spy Buchanan looking oblivious across the ballroom and beat a path to him.

"What have you got against Native Americans?" I ask.

He has not the faintest idea what I am talking about. I relate as best I can what Alan Keyes is telling the world's media on the other side of the room. He dimly remembers, then he fully remembers, his speech. "Oh, Christ," he says, "That wasn't a joke. It happened.

Under a rock

Primary season is upon us, and on the airwaves in New Hampshire and Iowa, things have taken rather a nasty turn. "Since 1982 Bob Dole has voted for sixteen tax increases.... Bob Dole voted to increase income taxes. Taxes on phones, gas, even Social Security...." "Million-dollar pensions for Congress paid for by taxpayers? ... Bob Dole says 'Yes.'..."

A Gramm attack ad? A Buchanan low blow? No, these are the ads of the blow-dried, good-guy millionaire, Steve Forbes, who's suddenly doing remarkably well. Forbes's early ads, in which he grins like a weenie and sketches out his flat tax, have suddenly given way to a wave of attack spots, nailing both Dole and Gramm as sinister tax-raising insiders in the ominous tones of a "Frontline" documentary.

This flurry of punches from a neophyte candidate has stunned his opponents. But it comes as little surprise to those familiar with Forbes's circle of advisers. Campaign pros agree that Forbes's ads bear the fingerprints of two staunchly conservative North Carolina campaign veterans, a pair who convinced Jesse Helms to run for Senate and then raised millions for his campaigns, and who boosted the presidential ambitions of both Pat Buchanan and Pat Robertson. Their storied record includes the infamous Helms campaign "hands" ad showing white hands crumpling a rejection letter for a "quota job" awarded to a black applicant.

Notorious in the world of campaign operatives, fixtures in deep-fried conservative circles, Tom Ellis and Carter Wrenn are masters of the inflammatory campaign. Forbes's rise may have less to do with his sunny Reaganism than with the dark side of his newest campaign ops.

Forbes met Ellis and Wrenn through mutual buddy and *Reader's Digest* editor Ken Tomlinson, and from the beginning, the Forbes campaign has tried to downplay their role. But the explanations fall flat. Ellis is described as an "unpaid volunteer" who occasionally drops a note, but before he stopped talking to the press, he was a verbose Forbes spokesman, familiar with details of the campaign's marketing, advertising and mass mailings. Wrenn moved to New Jersey to run the campaign headquarters in Bedminster where, Forbes's aides implausibly suggest, he oversees the fax machine and "makes sure the lights are on." "To have a guy like [Wrenn] be the administrator of your fax machines is sort of like getting Michael Jordan to teach junior high school students to play basketball," says political consultant Gary Pearce, who faced off against Wrenn and Ellis in a 1984 Senate campaign against Helms. Ellis himself told *The Raleigh Triangle Business Journal* this fall that campaign manager Bill Dal Col is the "titular head, I guess, but as far as the nuts and bolts of the campaign, Carter [Wrenn] is doing it all."

Sure enough, Forbes's menacing ads are straight out of the Wrenn-Ellis mold. "I recognize the product, and they're doing the ads," says Charlie Black, Gramm's chief strategist. "Almost like the mark of Zorro," says North Carolinian politico Harrison Hickman.

Ellis and Wrenn's history is one reason for the Forbes campaign to keep them under wraps. Even Helms has stopped speaking with his erstwhile promoters, claiming they abused his good name for their fund-raising (nevertheless, Helms introduced Forbes at a North Carolina rally last June as "Mr. President"). "They cleaned our clocks," says Pearce. "A lot of people will complain about the racial appeals in their ads, but they win. They play to win."

Since the 1970s, the National Congressional Club (now called the Conservative Club), a fund-raising machine founded and directed by both Wrenn and Ellis, roped in almost $50 million for Helms's campaigns and helped elect several other hardened North Carolina conservatives in the Helms mold, such as the state's acerbic junior senator, Lauch Faircloth. Under Ellis and Wrenn's guidance, the Congressional Club routinely hammered away at the politics of division, neatly summed up by Wrenn in 1990 when he said that "What you have opposing Helms is another coalition of homosexuals and artists and pacifists and every other left-wing group."

Further back in the past, the politics get uglier. Ellis, a former segregationist, tried to drive support away from Gerald Ford in 1976 by promoting the idea that Ford was planning to choose a black running mate; and he served as director of the Pioneer Fund, a group that has long funded research into theories that whites are genetically superior to blacks. Ellis's wacko racial views were the cause of a major media embarrassment for Ronald Reagan in 1983. When Reagan appointed him to the Board for International Broadcasting, on which Forbes himself would later serve, Democratic Senators Joe Biden and Paul Tsongas lit into him. Ellis was forced to admit to cozy relations with the apartheid government of South Africa (whose policies he said he didn't wish to "second-guess"); to his handbills about Ford's alleged running mate; and to his directorship in the 1970s of the Pioneer Fund, whose charter at the time discussed "racial betterment." Chastened, Reagan withdrew the nomination, saying Ellis had been made to seem "prejudiced, if not an outright bigot."

In appearance Wrenn makes an obese contrast to his thin, septuagenarian partner, but in political style he is much the same. When he masterminded Helms's 1990 race against Harvey Gantt, the campaign sent out a mailing to 125,000 mostly black North Carolinians warning they could be prosecuted for going to the polls on Election Day.

So what is Forbes doing with these guys? The candidate stresses that he sets the direction for the campaign, but asked last week about Wrenn and Ellis, he had nothing to say about their race-baiting past.

"There's a hard edge to them," explains Jude Wanniski, who helped persuade Forbes to run. "Just as a president has a State Department that's diplomatic, he has a Defense Department that hits." In other words, Forbes is quite happy with the value-free game of politics he assails his insider opponents for playing. And so far, it's working.

MICHAEL CROWLEY

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Mitchell actually said that!"

"What exactly did you say?" I ask him suspiciously.

He starts to try to explain himself but then wisely thinks better of it. Anything he says will sound absurd. He says, "There's no point in going over this," then turns away.

The only surprises during the speeches were Alexander (soporific) and Keyes (electric). Everyone had a crack at Dole, and the Dole supporters cheered most loudly for the other candidates. Buchanan was typically popular, bringing down the house with a joke about how Steve Forbes couldn't make it tonight because his polo ponies had caught the flu. Richard Lugar was auto-enthusiastic; he shouted and waved and did all those things a genuinely passionate speaker might do, except be genuinely passionate; he looked like a wind-up toy into which someone had inserted batteries one size too large.

PAT BUCHANAN BY TAYLOR JONES FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 8.

There are two things I've never read anywhere about Pat Buchanan but that become apparent the moment you start hanging around with him on the campaign trail. The first is that he has difficulty with children. He has no ability at all to enter into their world. At a breakfast with activists this morning an adorable 6-year-old girl is put forward by her mother to ask a question. "What will you do to take all that bad stuff off TV?" she asks.

Buchanan puts his hand apart like he's just caught a basketball and is looking to pass it on, the way he does when he's delivering an impassioned speech, and says, "Maybe we can use the bully pulpit of the presidency to clear that TV up." Then he launches into a powerful diatribe. The little girl shrinks behind her mother's skirt, as well she might.

Balancing against this is Buchanan's other surprising trait: his gift for telling people what they want to hear; or, rather, for not telling them what they don't want to hear. Buchanan is famous, of course, for saying exactly what he thinks no matter whom it offends. But there are all sorts of subjects that he doesn't care to take a stand on. One small example: a man slides into a booth beside him at a diner and announces he is a supporter and asks Buchanan what he thinks of Christie Todd Whitman. Buchanan flinches slightly, as if his mouth caught whatever he was going to say instinctively on the way out and stored it somewhere in his cheek, and asks, "Tell me, what do you think of her?"

"I *love* her!" the man enthuses.

Buchanan just nods along as the man sings her praises and then changes the subject. He never says what he thinks. He does this sort of thing a dozen times in a single campaign day.

Buchanan alone has ventured up into northern New Hampshire; with the exception of Alexander, who is doing some light lifting in the southern part of the state, the other candidates are either trapped by the blizzard down South or drinking hot chocolate in their hotel rooms. Today, New Hampshire is transformed into Lunaticville, USA. Hundreds of miles of blue highways have been lined with Buchanan signs planted by his advance team. I travel behind a van carrying Buchanan, listening to Buchanan blast the world as we know it to bits on talk radio. We stop in small town halls and libraries and are met by groups of twenty and thirty people known by the Buchanan campaign as "activists." (By definition, anyone who bothers to walk through a foot of snow to get to Pat.) Men who haven't shaved or bathed squeeze in beside Buchanan in roadside diners to tell him how pissed off they are.

Traveling with Buchanan is a tour of American anger. One of his supporters, a middle-aged man with a dry fly sticking out of a Boston Red Sox baseball cap on his head, even says, "I'm so angry that I got to go to anger classes." Pat thinks this is a joke of some sort, but it's not: some local judge has sentenced the guy to anger therapy. As the man slides out of the booth to make room for another pissed off person he tells me that in the past five years he has had emphysema, cancer, triple-bypass surgery and "the knocks," whatever those are. His best friend put a bullet through his head last year. "Mr. Buchanan is a good man," he says. "Fuck all other countries."

Buchanan sits in the center of his campaign as calm as the eye of a hurricane. His speech is always the same: he starts out by teasing a small child in the front row until she looks like she wants to cry and then turns his attention to the giggling adults. He attacks NAFTA, Japan, federal judges, Pat Schroeder's $4.2 million government pension and companies that shut down factories and move jobs overseas. He supports the Founding Fathers, term limits for everyone, including judges, and campaign finance reform. He is extremely articulate and, I imagine, persuasive. If you had to distill his message into a sentence it would be this: vote for

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me and the world will return to the way it was before honest American workers lost control of their country. He's a nostalgia salesman. Like all nostalgia salesmen he appeals to everyone who knows nothing about the past and is unhappy for whatever reason with the present.

At lunch with Pat Buchanan the conversation drifted onto the subject of Bob Dole's health. I said I didn't think he looked so good. This is every Republican candidate's fantasy: every one of them has a scenario wherein Dole drops out and he wins. Pat doesn't yet need this for consolation. He thinks he can beat Dole. The campaign aides leave it alone until finally the one they call Hollywood says, "Well he is, what, 73?" That's the signal to start tossing the dirt on the coffin.

"Yeah, 73," says another of the aides. No 72-year-old in American history has been accused so often of being 73 as Dole has been over the past few months.

"An injury like that will take a lot out of you," says the aide they call Hollywood because he has been filmed both by MTV and ABC over the past week. "He had that operation on his prostate, too," says Pat, thoughtfully.

People who attack Buchanan as an ugly man with ugly views miss the whole point of him. He is enormously likable, and I'm sure that most of the people who loathe him in the abstract would like him in the concrete. This is what makes him so strange and interesting. He weds an open, friendly, inclusive manner to a closed, hostile and exclusive set of policies. He is able to engage with everyone he meets but is nonetheless capable of demonizing just about every human being on the planet except for his mythic American working people. That is why he can sell his message; coming from him in the flesh it sounds almost friendly. There's some of Huey Long in his message and in him—he even looks a bit like the Kingfish—but he is different in one very important respect: he travels well. Huey outside Louisiana always seemed a bit of a buffoon. Not Pat.

By the time we arrive in the Tamworth Union Hall the blizzard has arrived, and there's a couple of inches of snow on the ground. It's getting dark, and for the past half an hour we have been the only cars on the road, wending our way on white highways through green pine forests dusted with fresh powder. Buchanan has delivered essentially the same speech five times in person and another half a dozen times on the radio. Instead of winding down he becomes more animated with each delivery. When you listen to Buchanan you have to remind yourself that normally people become tired of hearing themselves say the same thing over and over again. Even some politicians—Dole is a case in point—grow weary of their own beliefs. They stop speaking and start reciting. In Dole's case he has almost stopped speaking altogether. At some level, they cease to believe in what they are saying. Buchanan is just the opposite: he is more fully engaged with his views the tenth time he has offered them up than he is the first. It's one of the essential traits of the dogmatist that he acquires faith in himself through repetition.

Thirty people have somehow made their way to the town hall to hear him out. The sum total of political commitment in that one room already is greater than anything I've seen in the entire Dole campaign. Pat starts by poking fun at a 4-year-old boy in the front row who is yawning. The kid enjoys the attention; he hams it up, pretending to yawn for the next five minutes, but Buchanan has moved on. He's on fire, and no one is safe:

Not Bill Clinton: "The army is not his plaything. They aren't the Arkansas state troopers." Not the Supreme Court: "The Supreme Court has usurped power and authority all across the country from the American middle class. Can you imagine what the Founding Fathers would have done if the Supreme Court had thrown out prayer from all the public schools? LOCK AND LOAD!" Not Ryutaro Hashimoto: "Who is this guy? I'll tell you who he is. This guy is a samurai warrior. He's cleaning Mickey Kantor's clock!" Not the Fortune Five Hundred: "Some of the biggest companies in America don't care about America. They care about profits. The company's got their loyalty, not their country."

The only two of his usual villains that he misses are Mexicans and Pat Schroeder.

Once he lands on corporate America Buchanan has found his strongest theme: national socialism. Our companies are betraying our country, by which he means this mythic working-middle class of his imagination. As he lays into the rich, his Southern accent comes and goes. Now it comes: "AT&T lays off 40,000 workers. Did you see that? Well lemme tell ya. No one is lookin' out. No one gives a hoot. Clinton dudn't. And the Republicans dudn't."

He grows hotter and hotter until he has arrived at his favorite moment. Suddenly, I know exactly what he's about to say. I've seen him say it before, and I have no doubt I will see him say it again. He's going to explain that the American working man needs Pat Buchanan because the only other guy in the whole country who even *talks* about his problems is ... a midget. Actually, he put it a bit more delicately: "Oh, yeah. There's Robert Reich down in the Labor Department. He's this ... little guy." As he speaks he holds out his hand about three feet off the floor. "Reich talks about the problem, but he's not going to do anything about it."

Everyone nods. No midget is qualified to deal with such a big problem. The people give Buchanan their grim approval. They nod and clap and purse their lips like they are determined to take charge of their country. I've seen that look before, through a thousand snowy windshields in Connecticut and Massachusetts and New Hampshire. These are the people who refuse to fly on airplanes when a bomb goes off but go hurtling through blizzards at seventy miles an hour. Pat makes them feel like they're back in control. •

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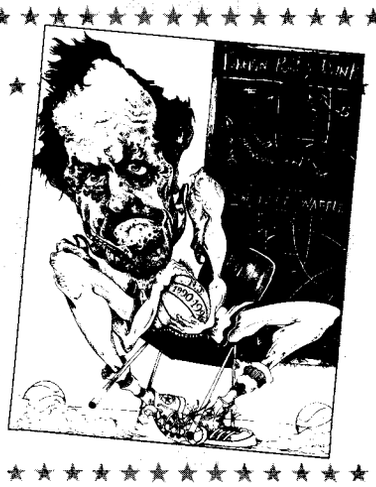

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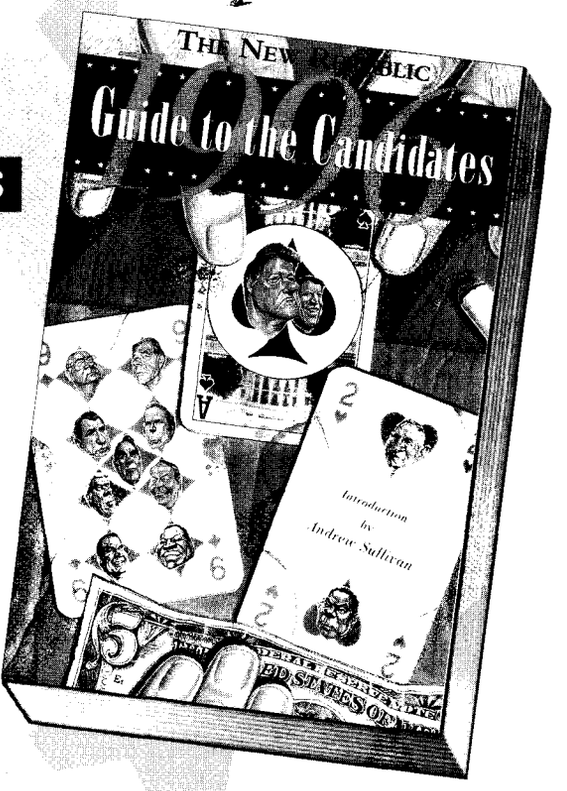

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

A Journey Unforeseen

Newsreels show Italian armed forces landing in Albania in 1939. What joy in Albania (say the Fascist newsreels). What happiness to be joined to Mussolini's empire.

Then it's 1991 and there's another Italian invasion—two hustlers who hope to swing a deal in post-Communist Albania. Fiore, a middle-aged smoothie, and his young associate, Gino, somewhat less smooth, mean to set up a phony shoe factory with the aid of a corrupt Albanian official. It will pour money into their pockets. As a front, they need an Albanian to be chairman of this dummy firm, preferably someone who suffered under Hoxha. In a ghastly wreck of a former Communist prison they find Spiro, 80, illiterate (he can sign his name, which is all that's needed); silent, stubborn, just sufficiently interested in life to prefer it to death.

This is the start of **Lamerica** (New Yorker), the new film by Gianni Amelio, who made the unforgettable *Stolen Children.* The screenplay by Amelio, Andrea Porporati and Alessandro Sermoneta suggests for a time Fellini's *Il Bidone,* which was about a post-World War Two scam. But *Lamerica* soon evolves quite differently. Fiore returns to Italy, leaving Gino to escort Spiro from Durazzo, where the story begins, to Tirana where the old man is to sign some papers. But Spiro runs away from the orphanage where he has been stowed overnight and boards a train.

Gino chases the train in his jeep and catches the old man en route to Tirana. They stop for a rest, and the jeep's wheels are stolen. Gino can't telephone for help: few places out in the country have phones. Besides, the Albanians don't understand Italian, especially when they choose not to. Gino and Spiro continue their trip as best they can, by bus and other means. Thus, what started as the chronicle of a scam metamorphoses into the account of a difficult journey, shared by a relatively hip young man and an occluded old man.

Three themes develop. First, we see the destitution of Albania in the post-Communist era, so great that several people wish they had Communism back: things were better run. (A small prediction of the latest news from Russia.) Second, we see that Albania is narcotized by Italian TV, which is watched in cafés and hotel lobbies and which feeds dreams of opulence through commercials, lush serials, girlie programs, game shows. Third, we see a melding of Albania with Italy that no one could have predicted. Spiro is an instance of a large phenomenon. He is not Albanian: he is gradually revealed as an Italian, a Sicilian named Michele. He was one of the Italian soldiers in those opening newsreels, many of whom defected and assumed Albanian identities. Jailed for fifty years, for reasons unspecified, apparently on suspicion of espionage, he kept his real nationality a secret out of fear.

These are social-historical matters. But Amelio, certainly struck hard by them, is an artist and is fundamentally concerned with people as such. So, beneath all the above, another theme emerges: illusion. Michele, somewhat blunted in mind, thinks that he will find his wife and son waiting for him in Sicily, the son who was born the day he left: he ran away from Gino to get back to Sicily. Gino has dreamed of getting rich easily; but, predictably, the scam disintegrates. And all through this journey, he meets many Albanians, mostly young men, who think that wealth awaits them in Italy. At the end it is only Gino who is undeceived.

He is arrested for his part in the scam and is released on condition that he leave Albania at once. He tries to make Michele realize that no family can now await him in Sicily, and he pays a barracks-like hotel to lodge and feed him. Gino tells those Albanians who press him that the only future they can have in Italy is as car-washers. He boards ship for home.

On the ship, crammed in every crevice with emigrants, he discovers Michele, now possessed of another fantasy: this ship is taking him to America. (To him L'America is one word: Lamerica.) Surrounding them are hordes of people who don't share Michele's illusion; but they have their own. They think they are going to TV paradise in Italy. Only Gino, the hustler stripped of deception, sits shivering in reality. In a not quite subtle note, the ship is named *Partizani* (partisans, I assume). More subtly, bitterly, the film ends with numerous close-ups of passengers' faces, hopeful.

Though he doesn't think of it this way, history has smitten Gino. Fifty years of it,

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The American President. *Michael Douglas in the White House. Annette Bening as a lawyer who entrances him. Us, too. The wildest romance is the liberalism of the president. (Reviewed 12/18/95)* **Carrington.** *Not greatly moving but highly intelligent. Emma Thompson as the painter who fell in love with the homosexual Lytton Strachey (Jonathan Pryce). Acutely written, directed, acted. (12/4/95)* **Nixon.** *Oliver Stone flamboyant and tempestuous as ever, historically idiosyncratic, cinematically overwhelming. Anthony Hopkins heads a perfect cast. (1/22/96)* **Sense and Sensibility.** *Emma Thompson again (thank heaven)—this time the screenwriter as well as the marvelous leading actress. The result is less for Austen purists than for Thompson purists, but the pleasures here are plentiful. (1/8&15/96)*—**SK**

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crystallized. He has seen how great power filters down from the top of the pyramid to bully the powerless at the base: how the chief consolation for impotence is illusion.

The one bothersome element in the script is the character of Gino—one aspect of it anyway. He doesn't seem quite experienced enough for Fiore to have made him his partner and to leave him in charge. For one point, after an attempt has been made to ransack his jeep, Gino trusts—much too easily—a local policeman to guard it while he and the old man go off to relieve themselves. A touch too patently, Amelio has arranged it to deprive Gino of his vehicle.

Yet Enrico Lo Verso plays Gino with an investment of self that carries the role over any bumps. In *Stolen Children*, Lo Verso, who looks like a moody fox, played the young policeman who takes a boy and girl from Milan to Sicily. (In that film, too, a journey served as a medium for exploration.) Here he reacts so acutely to every stimulus—an official's questioning, a mob's threat—that he seems a quick barometer registering every fluctuation in the emotional climate.

If at the start we think the film is going to be the story of the scam, it's because Amelio has over-cast the role of Fiore, who dominates the opening but soon disappears. Michele Placido is a superb actor. (He was Caliban in Strehler's *The Tempest*.) We're unprepared for an actor of his strength and personality to leave a film so early. Even those who know nothing of Placido may well feel this surprise.

Carmelo di Mazzarelli's performance as Spiro/Michele is the sort of miracle possible only in films. No one would choose an 80-year-old fisherman for such a role in the theater, particularly if he had not even come looking for it. Amelio saw Mazzarelli in a Sicilian harbor. Only after he recruited him did Amelio learn that the old man had in fact been in the Italian army in Albania. The piecemeal procedures of film make such casting of complete amateurs possible—in the right hands. (Look at the leading role in De Sica's *The Bicycle Thief*.) Some part of Amelio's success with Mazzarelli must be directorial shrewdness; some of it sheer empathy—helped, I'd guess, because Amelio is a Southern Italian who has worked in Sicily and presumably understands the old man's dialect. Anyway, the result is an oaken monument to stoicism, a life that has reduced suffering to taciturnity.

As director, Amelio looks for the shot that speaks silently: the crowd in the café watching the Italian TV program that they can't understand; the young man sitting on the floor of a jammed truck who doesn't ask for help although he's dying; the little girl in the hotel-barracks who has mastered disco dancing and is frenzied with it. Children, in fact, scurry throughout the film. Amelio uses hordes of them as if they were pestiferous insects. They cluster around Gino, brazenly begging and stealing; at one point they very nearly kill old Michele for his clothes. Amelio spares us nothing of their smiling malevolence because he expects us to understand its roots, which we do.•

The far-reaching lessons of Rwanda.

An Age of Genocide

BY DAVID RIEFF

I.

On April 5, 1994, the president of Rwanda, Juvenal Habyarimana, flew to Dar-Es-Salaam in Tanzania to attend a gathering of regional heads of state called to discuss the deteriorating situation in neighboring Burundi. The attention of the meeting soon turned to Habyarimana's failure to implement in his own country the peace accords that were signed, after more than two years of negotiations, in Arusha, another Tanzanian city, in August, 1993, and witnessed by most of the leaders who had come to Dar to remonstrate with the Rwandan president. Those agreements were to put an end to the fighting that had raged, with varying degrees of intensity and atrocity, between the members of Habyarimana's Hutu tribe—the overwhelming majority in Rwanda—and a guerrilla army, the Rwandan Patriotic Front (RPF), made up of the minority Tutsi, who were now either living in exile in neighboring Uganda and Tanzania, having fled a series of government-inspired pogroms, or had remained at home, where they were deprived of a political voice.

This was not a new problem. Antipathy between the Hutus and the Tutsi dated back to the eras of German and then Belgian colonization. Until independence in 1959, the Tutsi had controlled Rwanda (as they continued to control Burundi). For most of the colonial period, the Tutsi had been favored. This preferment was owed to the common practice of European colonizers to rule in part through a privileged tribe—the British through the Ibo in Nigeria, the French through the Rabyle in Algeria—and also to the curious place that the Tutsi had come to occupy, by the early twentieth century, in European "race thinking" about Africa.

In reality, the distinction between Tutsi and Hutu is controversial, and not at all as clear as European explorers and imperial officials chose to imagine. According to the stereotypes, the Tutsi are tall, relatively light-skinned and have aquiline noses, whereas Hutus are short, dark and have broad noses. This perceived rule of appearance pleased European racial theorists keen to construct a theory about the barbarity of all Bantu or "Hamitic" peoples, such as the Hutu, and to contrast them unfavorably with "Nilotic" peoples, such as the Tutsi, who were imagined to be non-African in origin and hence more civilized. The fact that only the Twa, or Pygmy, people, numerically insignificant by 1900, were actually indigenous to the Lake Countries, and that the categories "Tutsi" and "Hutu" were as much social distinctions of caste as they were tribal or racial distinctions, was not taken into account by the Belgian authorities. And yet Hutus and Tutsis spoke the same language (Kinyarwanda), shared the same religious conceptions and lived side by side. What separated them was the fact that the Hutu were largely peasants, whereas Tutsi identity was defined by the ownership of ten or more cattle.

Thus the feudal fantasies of Europe, in which the peasant was the lowest order of humanity, collided with the realities of Central African social organization. For although there were observable physical differences between the

The Rwanda Crisis: History of a Genocide
by Gérard Prunier
(Columbia University Press, 389 pp., $29.95)

Rwanda and Genocide in the Twentieth Century
by Alain Destexhe
(New York University Press, 92 pp., $19.95)

DAVID RIEFF is the author most recently of *Slaughterhouse: Bosnia and the Failure of the West* (Simon and Schuster).

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Tutsi "type" and the Hutu "type," it was possible, through the accumulation of wealth, for a Hutu to become a Tutsi, just as it was possible for a Tutsi to be ruined, lose his cattle and become a Hutu. Intermarriage between the two groups, moreover, was commonplace. And since Rwandan society is patrilineal, it was possible for a person to be considered a Tutsi, even if his or her last "pure" male Tutsi ancestor was many generations back, and his or her physical appearance was like that of the Hutu women who had married into the family over the generations.

The views of the colonizers did not lose their authority when the colonizers departed. Quite the contrary. Modern Rwandan nationalism owes a great deal to the Tutsi-Hutu distinction. The Tutsis continued to rule for a brief period after independence, but within months the Hutus seized power. Many Tutsi were slaughtered and many left Rwanda; and the children of those refugees formed the leadership of the RPF, even as the specter of an RPF return provided the organizing principle of the Habyarimana regime and, despite the heroic activities of the small Rwandan human rights movement and some moderate Hutu political leaders, of too much of Rwandan political life. Rwanda, it seemed, would never escape the antinomy between Hutu and Tutsi. And in 1994 this classificatory myth plunged the country into the abyss.

The Arusha agreement was Rwanda's last hope, but from the start it was frail. The deal included the full panoply of arms agreements, separation-of-forces agreements and election monitoring agreements that international negotiations usually serve up. It also envisaged the uniting of the Forces Armées Rwandaises (FAR) with the RPF. To police all this, the United Nations Security Council created UNAMIR, the United Nations Assistance Mission to Rwanda, a peacekeeping force that eventually numbered some 2,500 troops commanded by a Canadian general named Romeo Dallaire. Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali also continued the mandate of his Special Envoy, a Cameroonian diplomat with the improbable name of Jacques-Roger Booh-Booh, and a colleague of Boutros-Ghali's from their days together at the Organization of African Unity. What the United Nations was supposed to do in Rwanda, in the event that the Arusha accords were not respected by the belligerents, seems never to have been considered by the Secretariat or the Department of Peacekeeping Operations. As with its Bosnian deployment, which by the autumn of 1993, when UNAMIR was established, was well into its second year, the U.N. seems to have entered the fray unwillingly, but, having received a Security Council mandate, segued straight into its ours-not-to-reason-why attitude of sullen compliance with the wishes of the great powers.

As in Bosnia, where the U.N.'s Department of Peacekeeping Operations obtained a great deal of information about Serb concentration camps and other crimes against humanity that it endeavored to suppress (not to have done so, peacekeeping officials claimed, would have imperiled the U.N.'s mandate to act "impartially" and retain the confidence of all sides), the alarming information that UNAMIR collected was also suppressed by the U.N. Secretariat. *The Observer* in London recently acquired a copy of a cable sent by General Dallaire in January, 1994, less than three months before the massacres began, in which he cites a Hutu informant, a senior Rwandan military official training Hutu supremacist militias, who had been ordered (in the words of the cable) "to register all Tutsis in Kigali. He suspects that it is for their extermination. Example he gave was that in 20 minutes his personnel could kill up to 10,000 Tutsis."

According to General Dallaire, the informant had expected UNAMIR to break up the secret training camps and to confiscate the weapons. But the Department of Peacekeeping Operations refused to authorize such a mission. It would exceed their mandate, they insisted. New York even refused Dallaire's request to protect the U.N.'s Rwandan informer. As a result, Dallaire wrote, "he lost faith in us. He was taking all the risks, and we were not reacting." (The Belgian government, which had an agent on UNAMIR's staff, also refused to protect the informer and also failed to take his information seriously.) Later the U.N. would absolve itself of blame for the Rwandan tragedy by insisting that, in the aftermath of the American debacle in Somalia, there had been no will in the Security Council to do anything about Rwanda. The truth is that the U.N. was at least as culpable. Whatever blame may be attached to the permanent members of the Council, it was the U.N. hierarchy that decided not to bring Dallaire's cable to the Security Council's attention at a time when the genocide was still a plan and not yet a practice.

A part of the explanation lies in the U.N.'s habits of servility, its wish not to raise problems which the Permanent Five prefer to ignore. In the Rwandan case, the U.N.'s failure was also a consequence of the fact that Booh-Booh seems to have been a singularly incompetent official. But there were ideological considerations, too. In contrast to its position on Bosnia, which was hostile to the government in Sarajevo, the U.N. found in the Habyarimana dictatorship a member state with which it could sympathize. It was this fellow-feeling that informed the astonishingly sanguine reports that Special Envoy Booh-Booh, who had known and been friendly with Habyarimana at the OAU, was sending back to Secretary-General Boo-Boo (as Boutros-Ghali was known among the Secretariat's dissenters). In any case, Boo-Boo was predisposed toward a leader who, like himself, enjoyed French sponsorship, and whose survival in office continued to depend on the goodwill of France.

It is clear that most interested parties outside the U.N. did not share the Secretariat's optimism. As Gérard Prunier points out in his important book, *The Rwanda Crisis: History of a Genocide*, the Arusha deal was more the product of exhaustion than conviction. It was never implemented with enthusiasm by its signatories, nor was there the degree of international attention that was needed to overcome the lack of commitment of the belligerents themselves. Rwanda had either been at war, or at the edge of war, for most of its thirty-five years of independence; so peace was the least likely of outcomes. As Prunier puts it, the country was "a time bomb waiting to be detonated." And the outlines of the catastrophe were clear to the few who cared to see what was going on. That was why Habyarimana received such a dressing down from his fellow presidents before he boarded his plane for the flight home to Kigali on April 6, 1994.

Habyarimana's plane was a Falcon 50 executive jet that he had received as a gift from François Mitterrand. As long as France continued to support Habyarimana, his hold on power seemed strong. The French involvement in Rwanda, long significant, had been growing deeper as the involvement of Belgium, the former colonial power, waned. France had intervened in Rwanda in 1990 to blunt an offensive from Uganda launched by the RPF, the Rwandan Patriotic Front; and again in 1992, when the talks in Arusha had broken down and it appeared both to the RPF and Habyarimana's governing party, the National Revolutionary Movement for Development, known by its French acronym MRND (later a second "D" was added, in parentheses, which stood for "democracy"), that the political settlement in

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Rwanda would be achieved by massacre. The RPF was a formidable guerrilla force. Many of its cadres, including its commander, Paul Kagame, had fought with the Ugandan guerrillas in the war against Idi Amin. But the FAR was amply supplied and extensively trained by the French. By force or by negotiation, Paris was determined to prop up the Kigali government.

In itself, of course, Rwanda would have been relatively unimportant to a great power like France. It was small; it had the highest population density of any country in Africa; it had a history of dictatorship and civil strife dating back to independence; and its only tourist attraction, the forest of great apes made famous by the American naturalist Diane Fossey, happened to lie along the confrontation line between government forces and the RPF. Economically, Rwanda was largely dependent on development aid. Its principal export, tea, was not a commodity likely to bring it prosperity. And whatever progress the country did make was wiped out by its rate of population growth. And yet France was interested.

Its interest was strategic. Preserving a French-speaking zone in Africa, the Elysée believed, would, along with a nuclear arsenal, secure France's status as a major power and also secure its permanent seat on the Security Council. After its legionnaires drove the RPF back into Uganda in 1992, however, the French seemed to have realized that a settlement involving some form of power-sharing between the two major tribal groups in the region was inevitable. This represented a considerable shift. In 1991, a proposal had been floated at the United Nations that would have deployed an international peacekeeping force within Uganda to ensure that the RPF abided by its commitment to cease hostilities, but for French taste the plan was too favorable to the RPF and the "Anglophones." But by 1993 it was clear even to the French that anti-Tutsi pogroms would begin again, while Burundi, which was dominated by the minority Tutsis, would also descend into chaos.

Habyarimana was obliged to negotiate, though he made it clear that his heart was not in reconciliation. The Tutsis of the RPF were not much more accommodating; but the great political shift was taking place within the Hutu community. As Prunier explains in his definitive account of these awful events, the negotiations served to fuel the rise of Hutu extremism within Rwanda. Prunier observes that, by 1992, "everybody was wading in mythology. For the Hutu supremacists of the Habyarimana regime, the RPF was the serpent entering the Garden of Eden where industrious, God-fearing, law-abiding members of the 'sociological majority' were peacefully attending to their bucolic tasks." On the RPF side, "the battle-hardened yet naïve veterans of Uganda's revolutionary wars ... [saw] themselves as the legions of justice who had come, after years in which 'their country' had been hijacked by evil usurpers, to claim their birthright with the help of all good and decent citizens who were bound to agree with them and rush to their support. If they did not, it was because the government had brainwashed them."

Anyone wishing to untangle these rival mythologies need only read Prunier's extraordinary book. The truth about tribal identity in Rwanda, and about the rights and wrongs of the struggle between the government and the RPF, was far more complicated than the militants on either side wanted to admit; but, as Prunier notes mournfully, this made little difference. "Myths are so much stronger than the reality they purport to represent," he concludes. And in Rwanda in 1992, "those twin conflictual myths, together, had just started to screw on the fuse of one of the biggest human bombs since the Nazi Holocaust."

The warnings were everywhere. "What

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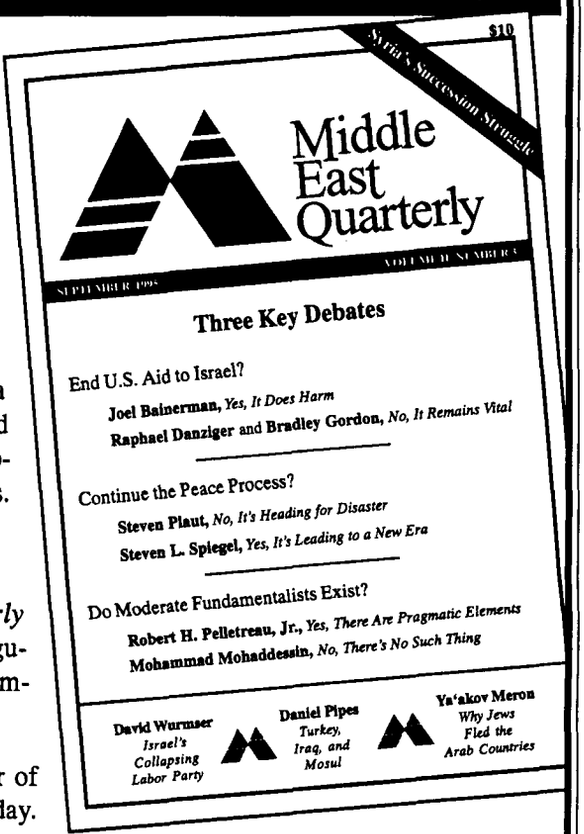
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are we waiting for?" asked Lon Mugesera, the vice president of a local city branch of Habyarimana's own governing MRND Party. "The fatal mistake we made in 1959 was to let them [the Tutsis] get out.... They belong in Ethiopia and we are going to find a shortcut to get there by throwing them into the Nyabarongo river. I must insist on this point. We have to act. Wipe them all out!"

As the negotiations progressed, Mugesera and like-minded Hutu militants began to set up death squads and militias, notably the *Interhamwe*, the Kinyarwanda term for "those who fight together." They also began to compile lists of the names and the addresses of those who were to be killed. All Tutsis had to be eliminated, but the mass murder that the Hutu militants envisaged also singled out for destruction the Hutu clerics, intellectuals and village leaders who supported power-sharing with the Tutsi. Even those who shared some of the militants' fantasies about an unbridgeable gap between the two peoples, but remained opposed to the idea that the solution to Rwanda's problems was genocide, were marked for elimination.

Rwanda is noteworthy among African countries for the efficiency of its government bureaucracy. The nation is divided not only into prefectures, but into subprefectures, and even into smaller administrative groupings. From the Belgians, the Rwandan civil service inherited an obsession with lists and records. And that, as we know from a certain European country, where, in the first half of the twentieth century, bureaucracy had also become something of an art, meant that any plan for a final solution to the problem of a hated minority could be carried out far more efficiently and comprehensively than in countries where lists were incomplete and bureaucracies less well-informed about the political views and even of the whereabouts of those it had targeted for death. The enemy lists that Hutu supremacists began to compile in 1991 in prefectural offices in the countryside and ministry buildings in the capital, and continually updated and revised until the genocide was launched in April, 1994, were no mere rhetorical expressions of racist militancy. They were detailed blueprints for massacres to come.

The Hutu militants began by trying to scupper the Arusha agreement. In early January, 1993, they launched a campaign of murder and arson against Tutsis in the northwest. The reaction of the RPF, which was observing the ceasefire, was fierce. RPF forces struck back, crossing into Rwanda. Unlike their behavior in previous forays, this time the RPF, too, was guilty of atrocities. By the end of February, more than 600,000 Hutu peasants were fleeing the RPF's advance; and half of them were being made refugees for the second time, abandoning camps in which they had settled at the end of the 1991 war. The Kigali government was unable to halt the RPF fighters and again the French intervened. Marcel Debarge, the French minister charged with overseas development, defended the action, claiming that France supported the Arusha agreement and was in Rwanda "only to protect our citizens." Prunier is spendidly caustic about this assertion, as he is generally about France's contemptible role in the Rwandan catastrophe. "The fact," he writes, "that the renewed fighting had been caused by the regime systematically sabotaging the agreement France had 'supported' was obviously not to be discussed. France—and this was an article of faith only questioned by ill-intentioned persons—'supported democratization everywhere in Africa.' "

France fueled the flames, and the Hutu militants seized on the RPF's atrocities to win converts to their anti-Tutsi views—and yet the fighters from Uganda played into the hands of their enemies. Before the February fighting, there had been a considerable body of moderate Hutu opinion prepared to stand up for the Arusha settlement and against the supremacists, but after the RPF's atrocities the middle fell out. In retrospect, Arusha was a pause, not a peace. It was only a matter of time before another crisis enveloped the Lake Countries. Meanwhile the French continued with their arms shipments to Habyarimana's army, directly and—as a Human Rights Watch report later demonstrated—through third parties such as Egypt, Zaire and South Africa; and these shipments continued after the mass murder of the Tutsis had begun. For its part, the Museveni government in Uganda was again allowing its former Tutsi fighters to train and to organize, and providing them with weapons and other supplies.

The U.N., predictably, continued to cite its powerlessness as a justification for its moral complacence and its operational indolence. There was probably nothing UNAMIR could have done to prevent the distribution of arms to the Hutu militants, as Special Envoy Booh-Booh told Belgian Foreign Minister Willy Claes at a meeting in Kigali in early 1994. Still, given what we now know about the information in UNAMIR's hands, the U.N. could have used the Secretary-General's bully pulpit to publicize the horrors that had already taken place and to warn of the catastrophe that was about to take place. But that had never been Boutros Boutros-Ghali's idea of his office, and he was already acting with an eye to re-election. The Secretary-General insisted over and over again that he was only "the humble servant of the Security Council," while his advisers hewed to their self-exculpatory conviction that the U.N., as one of them told me, "could be no better than its powerful member states wanted it to be." Later a Secretariat dissident would confide privately that, "you have no idea how much the whims and fancies of Pharaoh [another in-house term of scorn for Boutros-Ghali] muddled up the Rwanda operation from the beginning."

One has only to contrast Booh-Booh's—and, by extension, the Secretariat's—passivity about the gathering Rwandan storm with the anguished appeals of the non-governmental organizations such as Médecins Sans Frontières, Human Rights Watch and the International Rescue Committee. Even within the United Nations system, there were a few outspoken officials. Michel Moussali, the delegate of the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, or UNHCR, was particularly noteworthy in this regard. He spoke with the forthrightness that has made that organization, in contrast to the U.N. Secretariat, or its Department of Peacekeeping Operations, so admired throughout the world. If the political deadlock in Rwanda were not broken, he insisted, there would be a bloodbath. No one was listening.

II.

The bloodbath was not long in coming. Habyarimana boarded his plane in Dar-Es-Salaam on April 6, 1994. Along with the three-man French crew and Habyarimana's own aides, the passengers included President Cyprien Ntaryamira, who was basically thumbing a ride. It was decided that the plane would go to Kigali first and then proceed on to Bujumbura, the Burundian capital. At 8:30 p.m.—in the spring, in the Lake Countries, it is still not dark at that hour—the Falcon began its final approach into the Kigali airport, named after Grégoire Kayibanda, the first ruler of post-independence Rwanda, whom President (then General) Habyarimana had overthrown in 1973. As the plane descended, it was hit by two portable surface-to-air missiles fired from a position just outside the airport grounds. The Falcon spun out of control and crashed, by ghoulish coincidence, into the garden of Habyarimana's house,

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before exploding. Everyone on board was killed.

The genocide began within hours. All over Kigali, and in the days to come all over Rwanda, the *Interhamwe* began to kill. Over the radio, the call kept going out for the extermination of every Tutsi man, woman and child in Rwanda, and of the Hutus who opposed this final solution. Roadblocks were set up, manned by young Hutu militiamen. Those identified as Tutsis were killed, as were those on the enemies' lists that the *Interhamwe* had distributed. In the villages, people were hunted down. They died by the tens of thousands in their homes, in their fields and in the churches—Rwanda is the most Catholic country in Africa—in which they had sought refuge. And no matter how many died, the radios kept blaring out the calls for all good Hutus to kill the *imyenzi*, the "cockroaches," who were polluting the Rwandan nation and preventing it from living in peace.

The killing lasted through April, May and early June and it did not end, in those areas where any Tutsi remained, until RPF forces under Paul Kagame entered Rwanda and, in a military campaign that is now studied at West Point, seized all but the southwestern part of the country. This genocide was artisanal. It was carried out largely with clubs, machetes, small arms and cans of gasoline with which people were burned alive in countless church naves and school rooms. Those who were there in the immediate aftermath of the genocide (I visited the scene in late July and early August, 1994) had the sense of life stopped in a freeze-frame. There was the mission school house, the lesson half written out on the blackboard, the notebooks still on the desks. And there were the rotting bodies, lying where they had fallen, while lurking at the edge of the compound were packs of dogs, well-fed dogs. Long after the killing ended, it was literally unbearable to be in Rwanda.

And yet what took place there, much of which was widely seen on the evening news, was widely misunderstood. The old racial fantasies played a role, the sense (Bosnia notwithstanding) that this sort of savagery was a predictable part of the African story. There was the impression that these killings had been committed at close quarters with primitive weapons because advanced weapons were lacking and the people were primitive. This was false. The FAR was well-equipped. If people murdered with machetes, it was because the Hutu leadership had conceived of a genocide that would involve the entire Hutu people. Only by making everyone complicit, through having killed or having a relative who killed, could the "final solution" of the Tutsi problem be made the work of, in effect, the entire Hutu people. This is not to say that we must speak, legally, of the Hutu's collective guilt. But we must speak of their collective responsibility. There is no other way to account for what happened.

The mass flight of Hutus into Tanzania and eastern Zaire in the wake of the RPF victory was an acknowledgment of this collective responsibility. The genocide of the Tutsis in 1994 claimed more lives more quickly than any campaign of mass murder in recorded history; and the flight of the Hutus was correspondingly larger and swifter than any previous movement of refugees. Two hundred and fifty thousand people entered Tanzania in forty-eight hours. Two million people left Rwanda in less than two weeks. The Hutus fled because they were terrified—and they were terrified because 200,000 of them (that is a conservative estimate) had participated in the genocide.

The population of Rwanda before the genocide was about 7.5 million people. The average family size in Rwanda is about ten. That means, at a conservative estimate, that at least one member of most Hutu families had killed. Given the huge proportion of the population that was under 10 years of age, it is likely that several adult members of every Hutu family had blood on their hands. To insist on this point is not to diminish the sufferings of the refugees; it is to put those sufferings in moral perspective.

Even for those who saw the Tutsi corpses, the numbers are hard to take in. Still, despite the "Holocaust revisionists" of Rwanda, those who deny that an attempt to exterminate the Rwandan Tutsi took place, or who question the credibility of those who chronicled it, the usual figures given are unlikely to be too high. Long before it retook Kigali, the RPF claimed that a million were killed. Three months later, Charles Petrie, the U.N.'s vice-coordinator of emergency aid in Rwanda, conceded that he did not believe that figure to be "an exaggeration." Philippe Gaillard, the Chief Delegate of the International Committee of the Red Cross, advanced a similar figure before he left Kigali. In November 1994, a new U.N. report estimated that 500,000 had been slaughtered. That became the conventional wisdom for a time. But Prunier argues that "the least bad" estimate cannot be lower than 800,000 dead, and increasingly, as new mass grave sites continue to be exhumed, and Tutsi families return to Rwanda from exile, and list the

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relatives they have lost, the higher estimates seem more and more plausible.

Whatever the actual death toll, it was clear to everyone, at least in its aftermath, that what had taken place in Rwanda had to be regarded as a genocide, even according to the narrowest definition of the term. Hutu radio stations had called upon the militants to kill everyone, even the children, and Hutu supremacist leaders insisted over and over again that the reason there were still troubles in Rwanda was that twenty years earlier the Tutsis had been driven out, and only the men killed, whereas the only solution was to kill all the Tutsis. "The grave is only half full," the most rabid of these stations, Radio Mille Collines (Rwanda is known as the country of a thousand hills), kept repeating, "who will help us fill it?"

This time those who did the killing did nothing to conceal their actions. The Turks killed the Armenians in remote areas of Anatolia; the Germans did not situate a single gas chamber on the territory of the Reich proper. That way, people could avoid knowing, if they chose to. The extermination of the Tutsis, however, took place in full view of the television cameras and under the eyes of the UNAMIR force in every city, town and village in Rwanda. The Hutus claimed, as the Nazis had claimed about the Jews and the Turks had claimed about the Armenians, that the Tutsi were a mortal threat to their survival. There was nothing new in this: the great genocides have always been justified by those who initiate them as somehow preemptive. What was new in Rwanda was that everyone in the world saw what was going on.

And yet U.N. and Western officials—and officials of a good many African states as well—tried to avoid using the word "genocide" for as long as possible. The reason was simple. The word has entailments. Its use confers obligations. Had it been used while the killing was going on, those countries that had ratified the Genocide Convention of 1948 would have been required to intervene to bring it to an end. No one had a taste for that, not the United States, reeling pathetically from the deaths of eighteen soldiers in Somalia, nor the Russians, the British, or the Chinese. Ten Belgian paratroopers were butchered horribly by Hutu militants on the evening Habyarimana died, and Brussels wanted to evacuate its nationals, not to intervene. As for the French, it was their clients who were doing the killing. They did intervene, at the end of the summer, but "Operation Turquoise," dressed up as an humanitarian act, was in fact a last-ditch effort to prop up the FAR in the southwest, that last area of Rwanda that the Hutu clients of France still controlled.

As for the U.N.: for all Boutros-Ghali's subsequent hand-wringing, and his reproaches toward an international community that cared about "the rich man's war" in Bosnia but not wars in "orphan nations" like Rwanda, he did not begin to use the term "genocide" until more than a month after the killing began, during a visit to Kigali by the U.N. High Commissioner for Human Rights. As late as April 29, more than three weeks into the murder, Boutros-Ghali was still insisting that Rwanda was a tragedy in which Tutsi were killing Hutu and Hutu were killing Tutsi. Only a week before, he had sanctioned the visit to the General Assembly of Jérôme Bicamumpaka, the militant Hutu leader, to present the Kigali government's "case." And officials of the Department of Peacekeeping Operations insisted, publicly and privately, that, as with UNPROFOR in Bosnia, UNAMIR's mandate required its impartiality. If more "peacekeepers" were dispatched under the same peacekeeping mandate—as was being discussed at the U.N. and, in fairness, pushed hard by Boutros-Ghali and the peacekeeping officials themselves—these new forces would have to treat Tutsi and Hutu equally. The U.N. force commander in Bosnia had said that UNPROFOR did not "have enemies, only partners." UNAMIR would act on the same assumptions.

Not that the U.N. would get the chance to act. In one of the most shameful acts of a government whose foreign policy was replete with shameful acts, the Clinton administration did everything it could to prevent the use of the word "genocide" in international fora with regard to Rwanda. Christine Shelly, a State Department spokeswoman, declared on June 10, two months after the genocide had begun, that "although there have been acts of genocide in Rwanda, all the murders cannot be put into that category." As Prunier remarks bitterly, "If one goes by the State Department's surrealistic reasoning, no intervention should have been made against the Nazi death camps since the German authorities were at the time killing large numbers of non-Jews."

By May, Boutros-Ghali began to be really concerned. Despite American opposition, the Secretariat was trying to organize a new deployment of UNAMIR, this time one that would give the U.N. troops the authority to enforce a peace rather than to "keep" a peace that did not exist. On May 6, UNAMIR II was authorized, with a strength of 5,500 soldiers. But it was not deployed until three months later. The African countries that were approached by the Department of Peacekeeping Operations made a cease-fire a condition of the deployment of UNAMIR II. This, as the subsequent report of Médecins Sans Frontières made clear, "amounted to giving the perpetrators of a genocide the right of veto over the protection of their victims by the international community." As for the Americans, they insisted, in response to a U.N. request for armored personnel carriers for UNAMIR, that they would only rent them (at exorbitant rates, according to most reports) and that the APCs would have to come from the inventory of obsolete vehicles that the army maintained in storage. And it took more than three weeks for the State Department's Office of Legal Affairs to complete the paperwork.

The effort to organize a new UNAMIR force did not lead to any greater acknowledgment that a genocide had taken place in Rwanda. On May 17, apparently under American pressure, the Security Council resolution on the crisis spoke only of "an exceptional situation" and about "acts of genocide that may have been committed." Such reticence played into the hands of the French government, which was continuing to back the Hutus. Philippe Jehanne, a French intelligence agent, told Prunier on May 19 that "we are busy delivering ammunition to the FAR through Goma." Of course, Jehanne added, "I will deny it if you quote me to the press." And Prunier is not alone in having received such confidences from French officials. The Arms Project of Human Rights Watch, which had followed French arms transfers to Kigali for years, has issued a report that makes similar accusations based on admissions by senior French officials.

When the French finally did intervene in Rwanda, their rhetoric changed. Suddenly genocide, whose authors they had done so much to prop up, was the central issue. As the Prime Minister Edouard Balladur said at the U.N. on July 13, 1994, "France has sent its soldiers [into Rwanda] out of a moral duty to act without delay in order to stop the genocide and provide immediate assistance to the threatened populations." At the same time, as Prunier notes grimly, French officials were circulating the notion of a "double genocide," one in which Tutsi and Hutu alike were equally guilty. In this, they were seconded as always by Boutros-Ghali. The distinction between the genocide and the refugee crisis was too much to keep straight. Hutus and Tutsis alike had died

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in huge numbers: that was all people could take in.

The well-meaning intervention of people such as Tipper Gore only confirmed this confusion. When, to her great credit, she went to the Goma refugee camp in eastern Zaire, she unavoidably gave the impression that the people with whom she was expressing solidarity were part of the same universe of suffering that had begun with the massacres in Kigali in April. In a sense, they were. But in a more important sense, the refugees were suffering and dying in Goma because their husbands, brothers, sons (and sometimes their wives and daughters) had tried to exterminate their Tutsi neighbors. It was a decent and brave gesture of Tipper Gore to help out at an aid station, but it also served inadvertently to distort the reality of what had taken place in Rwanda: the reality of genocide.

III.

The Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide, originally known as Resolution 260A (III) of the United Nations General Assembly, was passed on December 9, 1948, and came into effect as a binding piece of international law on January 12, 1951. Since 1948, it has been ratified by 120 countries. Its provisions are broad. The definition of genocide obviously includes campaigns to exterminate entire peoples, but the framers of the Convention emphasized that genocide was "the intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial, or religious group." The "in part" is crucial, as is the language in the Convention that states that a genocide need not be accomplished through mass murder to qualify as genocide. Any of the following acts—"killing members of the group; causing serious bodily or mental harm to members of the group; deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part; imposing measures intended to prevent births within the group; forcibly transferring children of the group to another group"—are sufficient to substantiate the claim that a genocide is taking place, and to impose on the Convention's signatories an affirmative obligation to intervene to stop it.

The Convention asserts that genocide is a crime that has existed "in all periods of history." And yet clearly, like so many of the founding documents of the United Nations, its language is haunted by the memory of Nazism. The founders of the U.N., as Dag Hammarsjkold once remarked, created the organization not to bring mankind to heaven, but to save it from hell. And genocide seemed like a paradigmatic instance of the kind of evil that, unlike war itself, the "civilized world" (as the framers of the Convention un-self-consciously called it) could ban, just as piracy and poison gas had been banned (and mostly stamped-out) by previous international edicts. If genocide had always existed, the framers of the Convention also seemed to assert, somewhat contradictorily, that it was something new, something modern.

In the linguistic sense, they were right. Until 1944, the word "genocide" did not exist. Toward the end of the Second World War, as the full realization of what had happened in the concentration camps was becoming clear, Winston Churchill had written that the world was being confronted with "a crime that has no name." He was wrong, but only barely. At roughly the same time, Raphael Lemkin, a jurist, Polish-born and Jewish, who was working as an adviser to the United States War Department, had coined the term "genocide," and used it in his book *Axis Rule in Occupied Europe*. "New conceptions," Lemkin wrote, "require new terms." For Lemkin, genocide meant the destruction of a nation or ethnic group—though not, as he would emphasize, its total extermination. In this sense, it was "an old practice in its modern development." To describe it, he invented a neologism, cobbled together from the Greek word *genos* (race or tribe) and the Latin suffix *cide* (to kill).

Lemkin was aware that there were many historical examples of wars of extermination, and in a footnote he adduced examples from the destruction of Carthage to the massacre of the Albigensians. But for him a war of extermination and a genocide were not exactly synonymous. In 1944, he knew about the extermination of the Jews, even if he did not realize the full extent of what the Germans had done—Lemkin estimated that 1,700,000 Jews had been murdered—but he insisted that genocide need not be a master plan for the physical extermination of a people or a group. A genocide could take place even when it was employed partially, as a method of weakening rather than murdering all the members of a people. This kind of genocide, Lemkin thought, was being widely practiced by the German occupiers. In the east, particularly in Poland and Western Russia, it was a way of ensuring that "the German people would be stronger than the subjugated peoples after the war even if the German army is defeated."

Lemkin already understood that the Germans had been waging war "not

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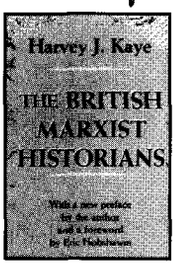

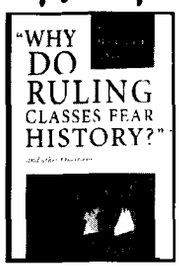

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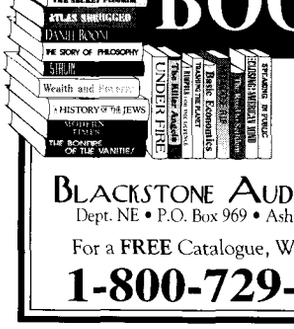

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merely against states and their armies but against peoples." Until Hitler came to power, the evolution of the history of war had been in the opposite direction, largely limited to activities against armies and states. In World War I, the ratio of military to civilian dead was 90:10. In World War II, sixty-seven civilians died for every ten soldiers. And the ratio worldwide is now the exact opposite of what it was at the beginning of the 1914-1918 war: ninety civilians for every ten soldiers. The "long period of evolution in civilized society," in which Lemkin discerned a steady aversion to wars of extermination, had been reversed by the Germans. Genocide was thus not only a crime against humanity, it was also a threat to future generations, unless the world committed itself to its prevention.

Lemkin was not a naïve One-Worlder. "Many hope that there will be no more wars," he wrote, "but we dare not rely on mere hopes for protection against genocidal practices by ruthless conquerors." And far from believing, as so many people in Europe and America did when the genocide of the Bosnian Muslims began in 1992, that after Hitler there would be no more genocides in Europe, Lemkin saw genocide not only as a problem of the Second World War, but, even more crucially, as a problem of the postwar peace. Genocide, he wrote, "is an especially important problem for Europe, where differentiation in nationhood is so marked that despite the principle of political and territorial self-determination, certain national groups may be obliged to live as minorities within the boundaries of other states. If these groups should not be adequately protected, such lack of protection would result in international disturbances, especially in the form of disorganized emigration of the persecuted, who would look for refuge elsewhere."

After the war, it was Lemkin who almost single-handedly succeeded in bringing about the passage of the Genocide Convention. Today, in the wake of the Bosnian slaughter, anyone wanting to think seriously about the problem of genocide needs to return to Lemkin, to his expansive definition of genocide and his clearheaded realization that it represented not only a moral threat but also a strategic threat. For, fifty years later, Lemkin's worst fears have been realized. By his definition, we seem to have entered what might be called an age of genocide—a period in which the goal of wars will be first and foremost the expulsion or the murder of members of a racial, religious or ethnic group, and their replacement by members of the murdering or expelling group, rather than the military victory of one state over another.

Lemkin allowed himself to hope. He put his faith in the nascent United Nations and in the power of international law. Even before the Second World War, he had been campaigning for a unified international criminal law in which crimes of "barbarity," offenses against individuals because of their membership in a national, religious or racial group, and "vandalism," the destruction of works of art embodying "the genius" of the other group, would be added to the penal code. And his hope that a genuine international community could be forged out of the experience of World War II was shared by many in 1944 and 1945. If today the United Nations seems like little more than a waste of hope, this should not be held against Lemkin.

In any case, Lemkin's original definition of genocide, as opposed to the way the Genocide Convention has subsequently been understood, and the way Lemkin's intellectual inheritors and popularizers have interpreted his work, is notable for its modesty. Lemkin never claimed that only a crime on the order of the Nazi Holocaust was a genocide. He made no requirement that the genocide be total; nor was he concerned with establishing a quantitative threshold, a number of victims below which the word "genocide" could not be employed. Lemkin emphasized over and over again that the offense against a group could be total or partial. The fate of the Bosnian Muslims would certainly have qualified as genocide under this definition. When Lemkin writes that "even before the war Hitler envisaged genocide as a means of changing the biological interrelations in Europe in Germany," he could as well have been writing about the designs of Slobodan Milosevic and Radovan Karadzic. They, too, did not insist on killing every Bosnian Muslim. To the contrary, the Bosnian Serb campaign of ethnic cleansing and mass murder was conducted most brutally in those areas where there was either a Muslim majority or where the Serb-Muslim population ratio was at near parity. Where Serbs were in the overwhelming majority, Muslims were usually left alone.

For Lemkin, mass killing was only part of what made a whole range of barbaric acts committed by a belligerent in war a genocide. Genocide, he wrote, was "a composite of different acts of persecution or destruction." There were two phases: "one, destruction of the national pattern of the oppressed group; the other, the imposition of the national pattern of the oppressor." Again, a premonition of Bosnia. The Serb campaign of rape against Bosnian Muslim women was an element in such a campaign of destruction; and so, more broadly, was ethnic cleansing. The Serb effort to eradicate the traces of Islam from all the territories their forces controlled, and to replace the mosques with Orthodox churches, as well as the renaming of towns, was typical of Lemkin's second phase.

In the postwar period, Lemkin's definition of genocide was subtly altered. This occurred in part during the negotiations that culminated in the passage of the Genocide Convention. But the change has also been a cultural one. If 6 million deaths was too exacting a criterion for the ascription of genocide, was any organized campaign of affront against a national, racial or religious group a genocide? Can there be genocide without violence? Some Americans think so, and since the 1960s the term has been used with increasing sloppiness and tendentiousness, and has been made into a metaphor. Talk of "cultural" and "spiritual" genocide has become a part of the rhetorical landscape, particularly in our carnival of identity politics. As Alain Destexhe, one of the founders of Médecins Sans Frontières (MSF), observes in his remarkable book, genocide has "progressively lost its initial meaning and is becoming dangerously commonplace."

Destexhe is Lemkin's faithful and eloquent disciple. His book is a polemic that calls unabashedly for a return to the most austere and limited definition of genocide. "In order to shock people into paying attention to contemporary situations that reflect varying degrees of violence or injustice by making comparisons with murder on the greatest scale known in this century, [genocide] has been used in ways synonymous with massacre, oppression, and repression, overlooking the fact that the image it conjures up was an attempt to annihilate the whole Jewish race." His aim, Destexhe insists, "is to restore the specific meaning to a term which has been so much abused that it has become the victim of its own success."

Like many of his colleagues at MSF, Destexhe is still marked by the intellectual influence of May '68. He worries about the debasement of language and the distortions of a media-saturated culture. And so he insists on strict constructions. In a world in which every crime can be called a genocide—the "hunger holocaust" is one example of verbal inflation that particularly infuriates him—how can there be a serious morality or a

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serious rationality? Destexhe proposes that the term "genocide" be limited to situations where all counts enumerated in the Genocide Convention apply, and to no others. "Genocide," he writes, "must be reinstated as the most infamous of crimes, the memory of victims preserved and those responsible identified and brought to justice by the international community."

This anger is tonic and necessary, and it comes from a different intellectual and moral universe than that which informs most writing on genocide. The sentimentality and the lack of grounding in real experience, the weakness for thinking metaphorically about the most concrete of human tragedies, the Jimmy Carter-like need to understand everyone's point of view—all tendencies that are exemplified by the work on genocide of Robert Jay Lifton and others—are wholly absent from Destexhe's discussion. His moralism is based on the need to make distinctions between tragedies. When Auschwitz equals Hiroshima, and Hiroshima equals Dresden, and the crimes of the Waffen SS equal the crimes of the Americans in Vietnam, Destexhe insists, "the real meaning of genocide will continue to be trivialized, and this most antihuman of all crimes will continue to be regarded as one more reason to justify fatalism."

Destexhe's book is the cry of a man in despair, an extraordinary meditation on the nature of human solidarity and individual responsibility in this era of mass murder. Destexhe knows of what he speaks. He is a writer who began as a medical doctor, and he has spent the better part of his life as a humanitarian aid worker. His argument is, above all, an expression of his disenchantment with contemporary humanitarianism (a view that, while less important to mainline American and British aid organizations, has always been central to groups in France like Destexhe's own Médecins Sans Frontières).

In 1995, after his experiences in Rwanda and those of MSF (and other groups), which stopped providing aid to the Hutu refugees in eastern Zaire when they concluded that to do so was to serve logistically the authors of the genocide, Destexhe resigned his post. Even had the "humanitarian intervention" in which he participated been less morally compromised by its forced collaboration with the mass murderers who controlled the refugee camps, Destexhe's bitterness would be considerable. In Rwanda, he writes, confronted with "the first unquestionable genocide since that the of the Jews, the world first reacted with indifference and left the country to its fate until the compassion aroused by the plight of the refugees led to a purely humanitarian intervention." Taking humanitarian action rather than political action, he adds, "is one of the best ways for a developed country to avoid facing up to its responsibilities."

Humanitarianism as an evasion, an expression of political cowardice: this lesson will not be gladly received by many Western readers. But it is one of the central lessons of our savage world. After Rwanda, Destexhe came to believe that the only proper response to genocide is political action. He left the world of humanitarian aid, entered politics, and is now a member of the Belgian Senate. Whether he will accomplish more there remains to be seen; but he is certainly correct in insisting that "human needs cannot be met by humanitarian action alone, although this is generally the only response to world tragedies." In a time when humanitarian operations, along with "preventive diplomacy" have replaced peacekeeping as policy catchphrases, and where the military both in Western Europe and in the United States are spending a great of deal of time preparing for future "humanitarian" operations, Destexhe's skepticism both about their moral and practical utility could not be more valuable.

It is not clear, however, that Destexhe's attempt in his book to define genocide in a manner so restrictive that only three twentieth-century events can be called genocides—the massacre of the Armenians by the Turks in 1915; the Jewish Holocaust between 1939 and 1945; and the extermination of the Rwandan Tutsis in 1994—is intellectually or morally sustainable. Indeed, it could be argued that, if one returns to Lemkin's original definition, Destexhe's claim that there have only been three "genuine" genocides is far too restrictive. It may even be that his definition is, in its own way, almost as much of a misuse of the term as are those wanton uses—"cultural genocide," "hunger holocaust"—that he rightly deplores.

Destexhe does not so much want to return to Lemkin as to the definition of genocide as it was understood in the late 1940s. At that time genocide was commonly understood as a peculiarly modern and Western contribution to the history of barbarism. Of course, the preamble of the Genocide Convention acknowledges that "at all periods of history genocide has inflicted great losses on humanity." But what its framers clearly have in mind is the Holocaust. In the late 1940s, this made sense. And yet, in retrospect, it is not clear that the term "genocide"—as opposed to "Shoah" or "Holocaust," words specific to what happened in Europe between 1941 and 1945 that need never lose their appositeness or their force—could long have retained its moral and conceptual coherence as Hitler's war receded from living memory.

For even as a genocide, Hitler's crime was unique. To eradicate European Jewry, Hitler sacrificed everything else, including the resupply of his forces on the Russian front. There are times in Destexhe's book where he seems on the verge of insisting that there have only been two genocides, of the Jews and of the Tutsis. Were he to have made that argument, his book would have an intellectual consistency that it does not otherwise possess. He wants to insist that genocide is "the most infamous of crimes," but he excludes from his definition not only the Serb campaign against the Bosnian Muslims, but also Stalin's terror famine, Pol Pot's campaign of mass murder and, on a numerically though in no sense culturally smaller scale, the extermination of various Amazonian tribes.

Leave aside for the moment the quantitative question of whether a crime that leaves more people dead than any of the genocides by which Destexhe is haunted can really be considered a lesser evil. Destexhe counts the Armenian tragedy as a genocide. But does it fit his own horrific paradigm? For what the Turks did was not nearly as all-encompassing as what the Nazis did. For a start, the Turkish authorities did not try to kill every Armenian everywhere that Ottoman power held sway. Quite the contrary. The mass extinction of the Armenians of northeastern Anatolia was carefully planned and carried out, and the Turkish authorities wished to eliminate, through murder and mass expulsion (what the Serbs have taught us to call "ethnic cleansing") the Armenian presence in most of the country—and yet the substantial Armenian populations of Smyrna and Constantinople were by and large left alone, and those few Armenians from the northeast who managed to reach the Turkish Aegean were neither hunted nor attacked.

The fact that not all Armenians were killed has been used by Turkish apologists to buttress their obscene denials that a genocide took place. What is most interesting about the Turkish denials is that the Nazi example is often used to support a claim of innocence. Thus the Holocaust may have come not only to define the issue, but also to confuse it. If one principal characteristic of geno-

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cide is extermination carried out with absolute single-mindedness, even to the detriment of the genocidal state's other policies and ambitions, and if the other principal characteristic is numerical, then genocide will never really be understood except insofar as it approaches or falls away from the Holocaust. And in this way the Holocaust may be used to exonerate many crimes and many criminals.

Lemkin at least was torn between insisting that genocide was *sui generis* and proposing that it was one of a series of crimes against humanity that the world community had to declare unacceptable. Destexhe is not so torn, which is why, I think, his argument is not completely sustainable. This is not only because the Armenian genocide does not entirely fit the Nazi paradigm or the Rwandan paradigm, but because there is something morally troubling about the claim that a campaign of mass murder systematically directed against an ethnic group is self-evidently a greater crime than a similar campaign directed against, say, a social class, even if more people from the social class are killed, the campaign goes on longer, and the regime that orchestrates it seems just as much an embodiment of evil. Is it really clear, as Destexhe thinks it is, that the former is guilty of "both the greatest and the gravest crime against humanity" and the latter guilty of a great but lesser crime against humanity?

Is there really so much to choose, such a difference to appreciate, between the mass murderer Hitler and the mass murderer Stalin (and probably the mass murderer Mao, too)? And yet, according to Destexhe's argument, the man who set out to exterminate a social class—the kulaks—did not commit a crime on the moral and legal scale of the man who set out to exterminate a people—the Jews. It is important to be clear that Destexhe is not exonerating, he is classifying. Still, there is something very troubling about a moral and legal classification of depravity according to which Pol Pot's regime in Cambodia, which was responsible for the planned murder of more than a million "class enemies"—one-seventh of the Cambodian population—is less hateful, less urgent in its demand for a response, than the Hutu butchers in Rwanda; in which the fate of the Bosnian Muslims, with which Destexhe sympathizes deeply, is nonetheless consigned to an inferior order of criminality.

It is not clear whether Destexhe is trapped by his understanding of Lemkin's original definition, or is simply at his wit's end in finding a way to combat the indifference that a latitudinarian definition of genocide has engendered in the West. But his passion leads him to misstatements of fact. Destexhe's implicit (and correct) insistence on the radical, unique evil of Hitler's war against the Jews is contradicted by his own characterization of it as "murder on the greatest scale known in this century." If we are discussing scale, then it is important to remember that on purely numerical grounds the famine that Stalin visited on the Ukraine was responsible for more deaths than the death camps and the Einsatzgruppen. Such a comparison may seem a little obscene, but this is really the fault of those, such as Destexhe and the other "strict constructionists" of genocide, who have set up a quantitative standard. Other, unquantitative conceptions of genocide are possible. And they are not so strict that they are useless.

It is unlikely that most of the crimes in which genocidal killing and genocidally motivated campaigns of rape, vandalism and expulsion take place will be as total as what took place in Nazi-occupied Europe or in Rwanda. Destexhe, like Lemkin, argues that a strict definition of genocide will make people less complacent, more inclined to help bring the perpetrators of the few real genocides to justice. I do not think that he is right. It seems more probable that such an infrequently instantiated notion of ultimacy will make people more complacent, as they dismiss the overwhelming number of crimes that do not correspond to the exacting definition. If I am right, and we are entering a time in which genocide will become more and more commonplace, there will be enough fatalism around without buttressing it with the moral excuse that Cambodia, or East Bengal, or Bosnia, or South Sudan, is not Auschwitz or Nyarubyue Mission. In the matter of genocide, strictness of definition can have the same unfortunate effect as sloppiness of definition. Our sense of genocide must be as flexible and as inventive as the human capacity for evil.

Raphael Lemkin coined the word "genocide" as a way of facilitating historical understanding. If the word helps us to come to grips with Rwanda, or Bosnia, or other crimes and tragedies that await us, if it helps us to remember, as Gérard Prunier puts it in the foreword to his book, that "what we have witnessed in Rwanda is a historical product, not a biological fatality or a 'spontaneous' bestial outburst," then let us continue to rely upon it. But the word was always a moral and intellectual shorthand, a necessary but futile attempt to master evil by describing it. If the word itself has become a kind of mystification, a way of forcing the bitterest of human experiences into hierarchies of suffering that no longer make much moral or practical sense, then there is no reason to cling to it. Its referent, anyway, will be with us. The victims will still be there, as will the need for human solidarity, without whose rebirth our world will soon become morally uninhabitable. •

Snowshoe

I love you Alice. These words, scratched into a water tank,
are not visible from above the gulch. Oxidizing here,

the tank has the hue of the undersides of mint leaves,
the girth of a small house behind the condominiums.

It is ordering the craggy creek bottom, and I have been
down to it for a closer look. This is how I know Alice.

Every day, trekking the loop up, across the ridge, and down,
I wait above the tank to see her. She never comes

and on a night when Orion's belt was slung low across the tops
of the Rockies, he struggling in his boots to rise, I went down

the distance to lean on the valve wheel. But no map, no prints
leading into the forest of quaking aspens to wherever the object

of this rustling desire resides—no arrow etched alongside her name.
Alice, a wide swath of ground is beginning to show around this tank

as the snow goes to lower ledges. I will not pass this way
in my shoes again; I will not wander your season much longer.

MELANIE REHAK

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The Death of Satan: How Americans Have Lost the Sense of Evil by Andrew Delbanco

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 274 pp., $23)

It takes nothing away from Andrew Delbanco's achievement to say that the most remarkable passage in his book is by somebody else, a surgeon named Richard Selzer. Selzer was consulted by a young man returned from archaeological excavations in Guatemala, who had in his left arm "a clean punched-out hole the size of a dime." Supposing it to be an abscess that needed draining, the doctor called for a scalpel; but before it arrived there emerged from the hole a head with pincers that waved "with dreadful rhythmicity." Confronted by the diabolical, Selzer attacked the monster with a surgical clamp, but it retreated into its hole. When it came out a second time the doctor seized it, feeling its wriggling, imagining its scream, certain that he had trapped all the evil of the world. ("This is Ahab against the whale," Delbanco remarks.) Later an entomologist colleague explained to Selzer that the creature was the larva of a warble fly, ordinarily deposited in cattle. It would have come out anyway, without a struggle, and gone about its natural business. The doctor, for all his scientific training, had lost his cool over an occurrence admittedly unusual but perfectly natural. Or, he ceased for a moment to be a scientist and became an exorcist.

Speaking as one who would have been out of that lab the minute the head appeared and the pincers began to wave, I think that Dr. Selzer is a brave man. Delbanco's point, however, is that science leaves little space in the world for satanic forces; philosophy can clip a devil's wings, as Keats almost remarked. And this is not altogether a good thing. The world affords us "a rich repertoire" of evil, of which it is all too easy to render account: biological welfare, serial killing, drug trafficking. . . . Mere names suffice to remind us, and although we may soon forget them there are always more to fill the list: Nanking, Buchenwald, Hiroshima, the Basra Road, Srebrenica. We assume, if we give such matters thought, that somewhere in our world, at this very moment, there is rape and murder in progress, that torture is practiced almost universally, that there can never be a shortage of torturers, men—we can even bring ourselves to think—who perhaps cherish their children and take pride in their profession.

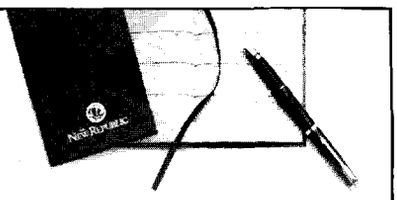
This we know, but how do we feel it, how do we arrange it in our minds? Delbanco is worried that although we acknowledge these horrors and identify them as evil, we do so more feebly than our ancestors. He believes that we no longer possess the conceptual apparatus to engage evil. Satan no longer walketh about, seeking whom he may devour, but the devouring goes on and we have no such explanation of it.

The title of the book derives from Wallace Stevens's long poem "Esthétique du Mal," an obscure but wonderful meditation on the aesthetic of evil. Without Satan, the poet says, we are "shaken realists," deprived of the old supernatural explanations except at moments when terror drives us, as it drove Dr. Selzer, into momentary atavisms. For Stevens there was the hope that we might find, in a realism purged of the supernatural, "the imagination's new beginning":

> Natives of poverty, children of malheur.
> The gaiety of language is our seigneur.

That is, the gaiety of language, poetry, is now our main magical resource against the natural evil of life—against the unhappiness to which we are born, in a world called poor because the old consolations and remedies are no longer valid. A further resource is love, itself allied to language: "phrases/Compounded of dear relation, spoken twice,/Once by the lips, once by the services/Of central sense. . . "

Stevens's aspiration to a new imaginative apprehension of evil is shared by Delbanco. Evil, he argues, is not to be eliminated as a dead metaphor. He believes that in the early history of our species our ruthless genes compelled us to do whatever promoted their survival, ethical considerations being simply irrelevant; but that later this pitiless rapacity came



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to be seen as evil. Religion denounced it, contrasting it with what it recommended as the better way of self-restraint and love. On the face of it, such attitudes are opposed to the genetic interest of the species, and history demonstrates that circumstances repeatedly recur in which they can seem feeble, irrelevant and contemptible, especially when, as for so many of us, the old sanctions of religion are dead. But Delbanco's hope is that altruism may on its own account turn out to have evolutionary value. The transient pleasures of sex are more directly—though less directly than formerly—linked to the genetic imperative, but insofar as there is a universal desire for more permanent happiness, for "satisfactions more enduring than those furnished by the old instincts," altruism may finally prove to be evolutionarily positive.

Delbanco, not surprisingly, is unable to say precisely how this will happen, but he hopes that religion and science may together construct for us a new imagination of evil. He has no doubt that such a construction is urgently necessary, for evil will always inhere in the nature of the world; it is a combination of all the forces, natural or moral, that not only militate against our desire for those more enduring satisfactions but might even cause our destruction. It is in this sense that he wants Satan back. That new happiness cannot be had without a serious understanding of evil.

"We want Satan back because God depends on him," he writes. But the devil "we" want back is not the archaic, personalized figure of tradition. Delbanco says little about the persistence of this figure in fundamentalist religions, and he doesn't even seem to have such religions in mind when he remarks that "Americans have always wanted Satan back." He means intelligent Americans: he is clear, for example, that the old association of sin with sex cannot be restored. What Americans need is not to be gained by perpetuating or reviving the old forms; they need a *modern* sense of evil. And that is a different matter from saying that evil does not exist or can be explained away.

This book grapples with an enormous subject, and it would hardly be reasonable to complain that it deals with the eclipse of Satan, and the need for his second coming, in only one part of the world he formerly walked. America's attitudes to evil provide a large enough subject for a single book. So Delbanco begins with the importation of well-developed ideas about Satan—a stowaway in the *Mayflower*—into colonial America, at a time when Europe was moving unsteadily into an age of skepticism. The colonists of Massachusetts Bay believed in God, the director of all things, for nothing occurred by chance; and they also believed in the permissive activities of Satan. John Winthrop's demand that all should work in harmony, and not out of self-interest, is an older version of Delbanco's altruism; it had the advantage of incorporating the belief that intervention by an interested God would make such a society possible, and the disadvantage that Satan, the Opponent, would always be somewhere around to make it difficult. Before long, "the ethical message was at odds with the social reality," and Satan began to look different—less like a fallen angel, more like a businessman, an elusive dealer in the market of souls.

Delbanco is exercised by the discrepancy between two traditional views of evil, the one treating it as a positive force, the other, which had the authority of Augustine, as a negation, a relative absence of good, an estrangement from God. It is possible, of course, to reconcile these positions. It had been good scholasticism to believe that, in choosing between two apparent goods, every choice of the lesser good makes it more probable that subsequent choices will likewise err, so that the chooser drifts into a position where it is hardly possible to do anything but wrong, or to regret the choice. The career of Macbeth has been described as an illustration of this process; but at the same time the false choice can be encouraged by more active evil forces, as Faust was tempted by Mephistopheles and Macbeth by the Weird Sisters.

The terms may seem archaic, yet most intelligent sinners probably have experienced the combined weight of temptation and diminished moral choice. Of course, they would now offer a more secular version of the position, and indeed it became usual to do so in the new rationalistic age that began in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Satan gradually became "a superstition of the unlettered." Science or pseudoscience defied the warnings of such as Increase Mather, and diabolic experience became the province of medicine rather than theology.

Delbanco says that use of the word "evil" to signify various diseases "begins in the second half of the eighteenth century," but it was in fact much older, the word having been used as a synonym for scrofula in the sixteenth century. It crops up in that sense in *Macbeth*, and in *Measure for Measure* "evil" is used to mean "privy." It seems improbable that these established usages arrived so late in America, but in any case their importance is simply that the idea of evil, though it long continued to be associated with disagreeable natural manifestations, eventually lost that association. We might well think of scrofula as an evil, but it probably would not occur to us to call it "the evil." This supports the argument that with the passage of time we have lost the knack of concretizing evil; we no longer attach our vaguer and more abstract idea of it to particular ills.

Rational abstraction, according to Delbanco, was the first sign of the onset of modernity, which makes the assumption of total personal responsibility in the absence of supernatural guidance or solicitation: "responsibility despite inevitability," as Reinhold Niebuhr, often cited here, expressed our plight. Delbanco traces into the nineteenth century the slow death of the devil, which preceded that of God, and the relation between those events and the growth of personal ambition under capitalism. There was opposition to this trend—in anti-slavery and millennialist movements, for example—but more generally Providence lost credibility and was replaced in the new pantheon by Luck; and worshippers of that god can dispense with ethics. Delbanco praises Lincoln for his heroic understanding of the difference between right and wrong, but his man of the grim future, a "modern monster," is Ulysses S. Grant, "a preview of the dead-eyed murderers one meets in fictional and factual twentieth century texts."

So luck or chance now became a divinity, whose power explained the simultaneous acquisition of great wealth by the lucky and the driving of the luckless into destitution. "A culture in panic" developed. What remained of the sense of evil was projected, as Melville noticed, on to aliens and blacks—on to "the accusable stranger whose very existence protected whites from acknowledging the savagery in themselves." Evil was now foreign, un-American, a matter of unlucky biology. This "culture of blame" persists, but according to Delbanco it is now being superseded by a culture of irony, what Ann Douglas calls the "discourse of disbelief." Theological opposition to this development was offered by Tillich and Niebuhr, who insisted that the loss of the concept of sin, far from being a Nietzschean triumph, was itself the great modern catastrophe. Following them, Delbanco desires the reaffirmation of "the human capacity for radical evil," the end of the "willed insouciance" that had replaced belief in it. But when that phase did come to an end, it was replaced not by faith but by irony, "the normative style of modern life," which has nothing to do with "the real essence of sin." And he is quietly shocked that this should have

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happened to a nation whose overwhelming concern was once salvation.

This is a strong, moral book. Delbanco has made out his case that there is in American life a dialectic "between the dispossession of Satan and the hunger to get him back." He is convinced that, lacking our own version of Satan, we shall allow evil to establish dominion over us all. This may sound rawly evangelical, but Delbanco disclaims "fundamentalist demonizing." He wants a modern Satan that will serve as "a symbol of our own deficient love, our potential for envy and rancor towards creation." In this situation, irony is an enemy; and so are short attention spans, which mean that the horrors of the moment, our daily familiar epiphanies of evil, are soon forgotten and indeed hardly register at the moment of viewing. We are so dispersed, so averse to communal indignation and communal recuperative action, so ready to believe that the wanton misery exposed on our screens exists, like any ardently followed soap, only within the limits of the TV set, that the whole business of evil is left to utopian or apocalyptic ignoramuses. Delbanco's book will not change the world, but it can give us a better idea of what we have made of it—a mess indeed, if the return of Satan is needed to straighten it out.

And what needs to be said about our passion for novels and movies about exorcism, hauntings, diabolic possession? Are we experiencing at second hand the thrill of Dr. Selzer as his clamp closed on the demon? And does that experience bring us as close to evil as we need to be? I imagine that Delbanco, who does not dwell on these phenomena, would dismiss them as noxious substitutes, exploiting what remains of our capacity for horror, but always with the promise that the evil ends when the movie ends, as the doctor's ended with the explanations of the entomologist. And that dismissive, ironic outcome is just what this contemporary exponent of that venerable American tradition, the jeremiad, urgently seeks to prevent.

FRANK KERMODE is the author most recently of *Not Entitled* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).

And Quiet Flows the Don

BY RICHARD JENKYNS

Lewis Carroll: A Biography by Morton N. Cohen

(Knopf, 577 pp., $35)

Lewis Carroll's life was famously uneventful. Charles Dodgson, to give him his real name, was brought up quietly and happily in parsonages in the north of England, first in Cheshire, then in Yorkshire, when his father became Archdeacon of Ripon. At the age of eighteen he went up to Christ Church, Oxford, as an undergraduate, and he was to remain there for the rest of his life, teaching and studying mathematics. He went abroad only once (to Russia, oddly enough, via Paris and Germany) and seemed to have no interest in repeating the experiment. It was a withdrawn, but in its way a reasonably busy, existence: he wrote works on logic and similar topics, one of which made an important contribution to the theory of voting; he was a pioneer of what was then the exacting craft of portrait photography; he agitated himself about the trivia of academic politics; he acted as steward of the college common room, organizing its social life and ordering wine for the cellar. He would be almost forgotten, of course, but for the Alice stories. According to Morton Cohen, they are, after the Bible and Shakespeare, the most widely quoted and translated books in the Western world.

Charles Dodgson's life does in some ways help to explain the genius of Lewis Carroll. His immortality was due almost entirely to chance. On a "golden afternoon" in July, 1862 he went on a boating expedition on the Thames with the daughters of Henry Liddell, the Dean of Christ Church. As often, he made up a story to amuse them. A few days after, Alice began to pester him to write it down; to please her, he agreed; and the rest is history—or rather, fiction. That is the key to half the greatness of *Alice in Wonderland*. Like *A Study in Scarlet*, *The Screwtape Letters*, and (perhaps) the *Satyricon*, it is an accidental masterpiece, tossed off easily by a writer who had no idea how much he was achieving; and it has the spontaneity of that casual origin. What is more, it was written in the first instance for a readership of one, and she a child; it stands alone among children's books in being devised without thought of the grown-ups who may be going to share it. Alice Liddell has well earned her eternal fame: but for her importunity (and her charm), we should never have had the best children's literature in existence.

Cohen's book gives a very full account of Dodgson's life. It is evidently a labor of love, carefully documented, richly supplied with reminiscences of the man by those who knew him, and interspersed with excellent illustrations, many of them Lewis Carroll's own photographs. ("What is the use of a book," thinks Alice, "without picture or conversation?") This biography has what the eighteenth century called "bottom": the background is three-dimensional, the details are thick and solid. Thus Cohen bothers to explain to us just what taking photographs in the 1850s involved: the polishing of a 10-by-8 glass plate, the gingerly pouring of collodion on to it, the dipping into silver nitrate, the simultaneous requirements in these operations of delicacy and speed. The ambience of Victorian Oxford and England is also well realized; Cohen has a pretty good sense of Anglo-Saxon attitudes. Some of his interpretations are dubious, but it is a tribute to his fullness and fair-mindedness that he supplies the evidence which we can use to argue with him.

Any biographer of Dodgson must deal with the aspect of his life which has especially attracted modern curiosity (or prurience): his passionate fondness for little girls. Cohen handles this puzzling matter with restraint and thoughtfulness, with a refusal to patronize his subject. His account makes clear how assiduously Dodgson throughout his life sought out little girls to befriend, and that such friendships—usually but not always transitory—were his deepest source of pleasure. Over fifteen years or so he photographed a good many of them naked, and again it is clear that he was singularly persistent in negotiating with their parents to allow this. After he had given up photography, he badgered the illustrators of his later books to depict the girl characters nude.

Today Dodgson would probably be visited by the police. The Victorians were a great deal more level-headed. Cohen's account shows that Dodgson was excellent company for these children; they looked back on his friendship with affection, and there is not the smallest shred of evidence that any of them was harmed by knowing him. Their parents, equally, seem to have made sensible decisions about what to permit and what not.

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Cohen argues that he was riddled with guilt over his association with the Liddell sisters, but here he is surely mistaken. He draws on Dodgson's diaries, full of tortured self-accusation, but in this case he seems to have misjudged the Victorian tone: Victorian Christians took sin seriously, and reproached themselves vehemently for faults which our world takes very lightly.

Contrary to Cohen's view, it should surely be clear that Dodgson felt no sexual guilt about his friendships at all. Dodgson was (by our standards, at least) something of a prig—he once wrote to a bishop to rebuke him for allowing touches of humor into a sermon—and was outraged at the smallest affront to infant purity, once telling the parents of a child actress who, for professional reasons, subtracted an inch from her true height, that they were teaching her "to think lightly of sin." He was painfully honest with himself, as the diaries show, and confident in the purity and even holiness of his affections, which he displayed with the openness of a man unaware that he has anything to hide.

Modern knowingness may retort that his feelings must nonetheless have been sexual at some unconscious level. Perhaps; but perhaps not. At all events, the important truth is that Carroll's attitude to children stands at the opposite pole from that of the typical pedophile. The pedophile wants to obliterate the childishness of the child, to treat her as what she is not, whereas Carroll enjoys the mind of the child as it truly is. In this respect he is superior to all other writers for children, even the very best. With A.A. Milne, say, or Kenneth Grahame, we remain conscious that they are talking loud enough for the grown-ups to hear, and to pick up those notes of whimsy or sentiment that go over the children's heads; with Maurice Sendak we hear a voice that says, "Of course, they're too young to understand about Freud as yet." But the first draft of *Alice in Wonderland* was written, quite literally, for Alice alone, and nowhere, except in the last two pages, where adult sentiment at last intrudes, does it seem conscious of any other audience.

Here Dodgson's writing is illuminated by his professional life. For the paradox of *Alice* is that, although it is probably the most purely child-centered book ever written, he put the whole man into it. Cohen cites a school report on the teenage Dodgson's "love of precise argument, which seems to him natural," and quotes a fellow don's perceptive comment that "it was clear that he was one man not two, and that in his mind the two elements of whimsical imagination and the love of rigid definition and inference were always present." The logician and the child-mind are a unity: philosophers have always loved the Alice books, but for those very teases that delight the children.

"I only wish *I* had such eyes," says the White King. "To be able to see Nobody! And at that distance too!" As the *Encyclopedia of Philosophy* points out, this is a hypostatization of the null class; but it is also a joke that every child enjoys. The Cheshire Cat purports to argue syllogistically: dogs are not mad; dogs growl when they are angry and wag their tails when they are pleased; cats growl when they are pleased and wag their tails when they are angry; therefore cats are mad. Alice tries a version of Descartes's *cogito ergo sum*: when Tweedledum and Tweedledee suggest that she is part of the Red King's dream, she retorts, "If I wasn't real, I shouldn't be able to cry." Humpty Dumpty's elucidation of *Jabberwocky*—"Well, '*slithy*' means 'lithe and slimy.'. . . You see it's like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word"—mimics the etymologists, but it is also anticipated, as Dodgson probably knew, by the satire in Plato's *Cratylus*: "Apollo may be rightly called *Apolouon* [purifier]; or . . . he may be most fitly called *Haplos*, from *haplous* [sincere]; also he is *aei ballon* [always shooting], because he is a master archer . . . " and so on. And Alice and Humpty Dumpty touch on still another large philosophical issue, the relativity of language: "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean"—"The question is, whether you *can* make words mean different things."

Deep stuff, in a sense; but good, simple fun, too. And no wonder he can bring the logician's mind to these books, for all children are intellectuals, insatiably curious and inquiring. Like a real child, Alice takes herself seriously. In Blake's words, aptly quoted by Cohen, "Neither Youth nor Childhood is Folly or Incapacity." Alice keeps her head when all around her are losing theirs (or trying to have other people's heads chopped off); she is the voice of sense in a lunatic world. "We're all mad here," says the Cheshire Cat—almost the only sane thing that anyone says to her in Wonderland.

In Cohen's view, Dodgson "revered the mystic combination of the primitive and the pure, the noble and the divine" in children. This may be true, for the strange and rather wonderful thing is that he did not understand his own genius. "The 'Why?' of this book," he said of *Alice in Wonderland*, "cannot, and need not, be put into words. Those for whom a child's mind is a sealed book and who see no divinity in a child's smile, would read such words in vain." Certainly the *Alice* books understand the child's mind superbly; but the glory of their heroine is that she is far from trailing clouds of divinity. She is a tart, down-to-earth and (in *Through the Looking-Glass*) increasingly bossy little girl. Later Carroll lost his sense of how to write for and about children. His "Easter greeting to every child who loves *Alice*" is hopelessly soppy and preachy; and Bruno in *Sylvie and Bruno*, his last and longest book for the young, talks an embarrassing baby language. The golden freshness had gone.

Alice has been submitted to any number of bizarre interpretations. Cohen lists

CHARLES DODGSON, SKETCH FOR *SYLVIE AND BRUNO CONCLUDED*, 1887

Courtesy The Trustees of the Charles L. Dodgson Estate

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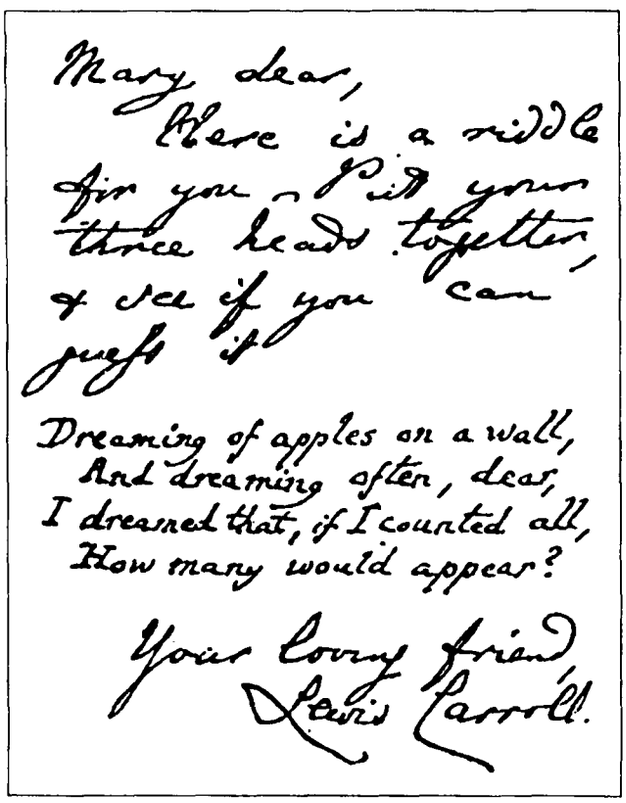
a few examples: it is an allegory of the Oxford Movement, or an allegory of Darwinism; it is about toilet training, or Dodgson's birth trauma, or his desire for coitus. Perhaps Cohen cites these things in the spirit of the Duchess—"That's nothing to what I could say if I chose"—for he cannot resist the impulse to do some interpreting himself. Actually, he equivocates. "What do the *Alice* books mean?" After posing the question, he replies that meaning here does not count for much: "Sound and feeling, in these books, are as important as, perhaps even more important than, sense." Well, the Duchess again had the answer to that—"Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves." It is surely absurd to claim that sense does not matter much in these stories.

Indeed, Cohen does not believe it himself, for he proposes various meanings: *Alice* is a metaphor for the plight of the child in upper-class Victorian society; it is a criticism of the shibboleths, conventions and properties of the age; or (curiouser and curiouser) the story may even be an autobiographical allegory, with Alice as Dodgson in disguise. This seems pretty far awry. Dodgson was anything but a voice of protest. He was a slightly crotchety, pernickety bachelor don, fussing about the catering arrangements and quarreling with the head of his college. (Cohen takes this last for a sign of radicalism, but it is Oxford's oldest tradition.) The notion that Alice represents Dodgson himself is rebutted by the vividness with which she is portrayed as a child, and a female child at that. When I first read the Alice books as a boy, I recognized that she had thoughts and experiences that were familiar to me; but I was equally clear that she was not like me in that she was emphatically a girl.

The trouble with any attempt to turn *Alice in Wonderland* into an allegory or metaphor is that it ignores the fact that it depicts a dream. We all know that our dreams have some connection with our waking lives, and we suppose that they have a significance, but we do not clearly know what it is, even though hierophants from Artemidorus to Freud have claimed to have the key. In this respect *Alice in Wonderland* is remarkably like a real dream; we can agree that the Caterpillar and the Queen of Hearts display some of the snappishness and unpredictability that children experience from grown-ups, but they are nonetheless creations of Alice's sleeping mind, and to suppose that they represent Oxford dons and their wives, as some have done, is to substitute a flat literalism in place of the book's dream quality.

Alice's repeated failure to get into the garden has the familiar character of a frustration dream; some of the early parts of the book are also quite frightening, as adults easily forget. Dreamlike, too, is the way in which the people and the creatures Alice meets, except perhaps for the White Rabbit, lack solidity and roundedness (you could not imagine being the Mad Hatter or the Cheshire Cat): the characters are the projections of her imagination, and as she eventually realizes, they are literally two-dimensional ("You're nothing but a pack of cards!"). In this respect, *Through the Looking-Glass* is quite different. Though it, too, is formally a dream, little of it has the inconsequential dream quality of *Alice in Wonderland*, apart from the "Wool and Water" chapter. Instead it is one of those works, such as *Wozzeck* and *Ulysses*, in which an apparently free invention is in fact governed by a rigid pattern externally imposed—in this case, the rules of chess. And it has some of Victorian fiction's most vivid characters in the Red and White Queens and the White Knight, who indeed have distinct personalities independent of Alice's imagining. It makes sense of a sort for there to be speculation in *Through the Looking-Glass* about whether it might be the Red King who is dreaming of Alice. To pose a similar question in Wonderland would be preposterous.



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RIDDLE LETTER FROM CHARLES DODGSON TO MARY WATSON, C. 1874

Dodgson was a strange man, but the sources of that strangeness are unknowable. Cohen wants to attribute his oddities to the effects of a repressive family background and a severe father. There is no evidence for this, and much against it. Cohen's own (attractive) account of the father presents him as a humane and understanding man; and Cohen quotes a delightful nonsense letter that the archdeacon wrote to his 7-year-old son, which shows where much of Lewis Carroll's humor came from. Cohen assumes that Dodgson's upbringing was severe, and his father demanding, because nineteenth-century parents were like that, but even if this premise about Victorian society were true—and probably it is not—it would have no explanatory force. If Dodgson's upbringing was typical of his time, why were the rest of them not celibates obsessed with little girls? And there is another glaring objection to Cohen's thesis of the tyrannous father figure: both *Alice* books contain ineffectual husbands with strident wives. The dominance of the Red Queen might be explained by the nature of chess, but there is no such explanation for the dithering King of Hearts and his harridan consort.

Dodgson's later years have a melancholy flavor to them. At the age of fifty he was already starting to refer to himself as an old man. And a touch of melancholy seems to hang around Alice Liddell, too. George Orwell once remarked that Bertie Wooster, if he ever existed at all, was killed on the Somme around 1917; but Wodehouse's people are the creatures of fantasy, safe and ageless for ever in their imaginary idyll. Alice, though, was real, and she had to grow up. She married a dull man of good family, and spent almost all the rest of her long life in a large house in Hampshire, coping with the servant problem and the inexorable decline in the gentry's sources of income. And this child of the high Victorian summer did live to suffer the loss of two sons, killed on the western front.

RICHARD JENKYNS is the author most recently of *Dignity and Decadence: Victorian Art and the Classical Inheritance* (Harvard University Press).

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The Royal We

THIS NEW YEAR'S EVE IN DENMARK, as on every New Year's Eve that I can recall, one ritual of respect was re-enacted, one moment of reflection allowed before the revelries and the all-too-ritualized cheers of new beginnings could start. We had all gathered, about twenty or so old friends at a house in the country, surrounded by the snows of Denmark's first white Christmas in over ten years. Though none of us is exceedingly royalist, we had dropped everything in order to crowd around the television at precisely 6 p.m. for the Queen's New Year's address. It struck me, with my Americanized sensibilities (I have lived here for the past seven years but grew up in Denmark), as a remarkable moment in the life of a modern nation: the entire waking population tuning in, not for entertainment or pleasure or shock, but to be addressed by the monarch. The Queen, who has reigned for more than twenty years, appears, as always, at her desk and speaks softly about one central issue—this year, the welfare state—before adding her personal comments and wishes. The mood is always solemn as people listen attentively, and if occasionally the comments are a bit banal, they succeed in seeming genuine, and genuinely Danish.

THIS MOMENT, IT SEEMED, ENCAPsulated everything that distinguishes what is perhaps the most successful monarchy in the world today from that other monarchy that increasingly resembles a sad and sorry soap opera: the House of Windsor. What does it mean, though, that all of Denmark halts to hear the Queen's words? It doesn't mean that Danes are observing a royal tradition for the sake of tradition, but that they are renewing a tradition year after year, of their own free will. And, more importantly, it means that the Queen and the royal household have grasped a central irony of the constitutional monarchy. An institution as fundamentally undemocratic and unmeritocratic as royal authority can only be sustained, in the modern age, by the most fundamentally democratic and meritocratic conditions of individual ability and achievement. That is to say, only by winning over the people through dignity and charisma and exemplary behavior—by winning their approval—can a monarch earn what he or she in other times was born to: their allegiance.

DEMOCRATIC SOCIETIES WILL AND should make demands on their royals—demands on their spending if it is subsidized by the taxpayers, and demands on their public behavior if they begin to embarrass or undermine the society that they represent. This is simply the natural condition of the modern monarchy, with its privileges balanced against the expectations of the public. Only die-hard monarchists (such as those seemingly surrounding the Windsors) would reject such public demands, but their advice has only deepened the grave the Windsors themselves have been digging for some time now. If there *is* a future for the British monarchy (and that is by no means certain), one place to look for guidance might be—you guessed it—Denmark, and the lessons its monarchy provides:

GET THE RIGHT QUEEN. This first lesson, of course, is a little unfair, but it is of central importance to a modern monarchy. Queen Margrethe II of Denmark is probably the most popular monarch in Europe, and you would be hard-pressed to find any Dane who would criticize her. But she has done a lot to earn this support, and not always in obvious ways. With her French husband and her own artistic and intellectual inclinations, her distinctive mixture of the Queen's Danish and Anglo-French intonations, she has always seemed a bit of an oddity in the cultural landscape. And so the distance, I think, that Danes perceive between the royals and themselves is as much a matter of culture as one of station. Her popularity has been anything but natural, an achievement rather than an inheritance. In a country that abhors distinction and rarely appreciates excellence, she has never pandered to, and has sometimes even complained about, the pettiness and parochialism of her culture. In her New Year's addresses she has consistently chided the country for its flaws—whether it be intolerance toward foreigners or smugness about the welfare state—and has displayed such genuine gratitude for the affection shown the royal family that she has inspired even more affection. By taking nothing for granted, she has done much to secure support for her reign. But she has also shown that in a position that was supposed to be about tradition and inheritance, it is now all a matter of personality.

LET IN THE DAYLIGHT, CAREFULLY. A persistent, prurient press is now the greatest danger to any monarchy, as well as its only window to the public. Walter Bagehot wrote famously of the monarchy that "mystery is its life. We must not let daylight in upon magic." No one today would claim that there is still magic attached to the royals, either in Britain or in Denmark. And so the question becomes one of discrimination: where to draw the line, when to cooperate with the press, how to present the family. In this matter, surely, the Windsors (and the Wales's in particular) have failed terribly. Belatedly accepting the scrutiny of the press and the interest of the public, they have since decided to vent their most intimate foibles and frustrations in public. The Danish royals have long enjoyed an unspoken agreement with the press that protects their privacy and limits its prurience. But this is also in large part a result of their own largely dignified behavior. The day the future heir or heiress to the throne seems indistinguishable on television from a spurned actress on a Barbara Walters special is the day the monarchy surrenders its hold on anything more than stardom and tabloid fame. Celebrity, even as last resort, is certain death for a monarchy.

WELCOME NEWNESS. THE BIGGEST event in the royal household this year was the wedding in November of the Queen's youngest son, Joachim, 26, to a half-Chinese, half-Austrian commoner from Hong Kong. Through her own wit and intelligence, the 31-year-old career woman Alexandra Manley won over a population that could not quite stop contemplating, however gently, the prospect of a Chinese-looking heir to the Danish throne. The lesson here is that even the pomp of royalty becomes tedious if too familiar and that any fear of "otherness" quickly dissipates when that "other" is presented at the palace. A marriage of this kind also has the advantage of ensuring that the bride has not grown up dreaming of little else than marrying her Danish prince, and will therefore remain both less blinded by the heir and more respectful toward the institution. Something the Windsors no doubt are wishing for now.

BUT IN THE END, THE RESPONSE TO royalty says as much about the public as about the royals whom they so relentlessly pursue. Another rule of democracy is that people, by and large, will get what they wish for. If the Danes are more generous, more forgiving of their royals, it is because they genuinely want a royalty. Who today can be certain that the British want theirs?

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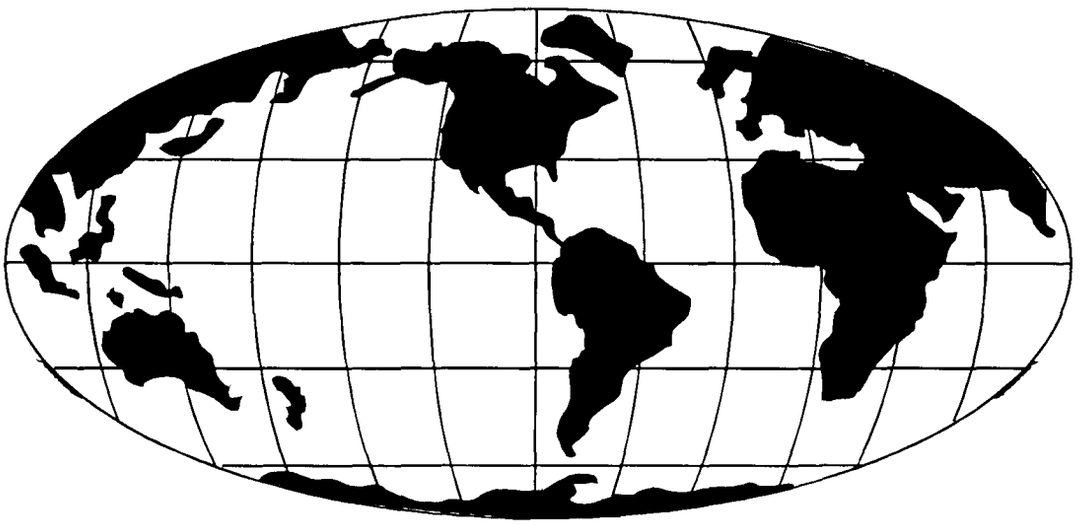

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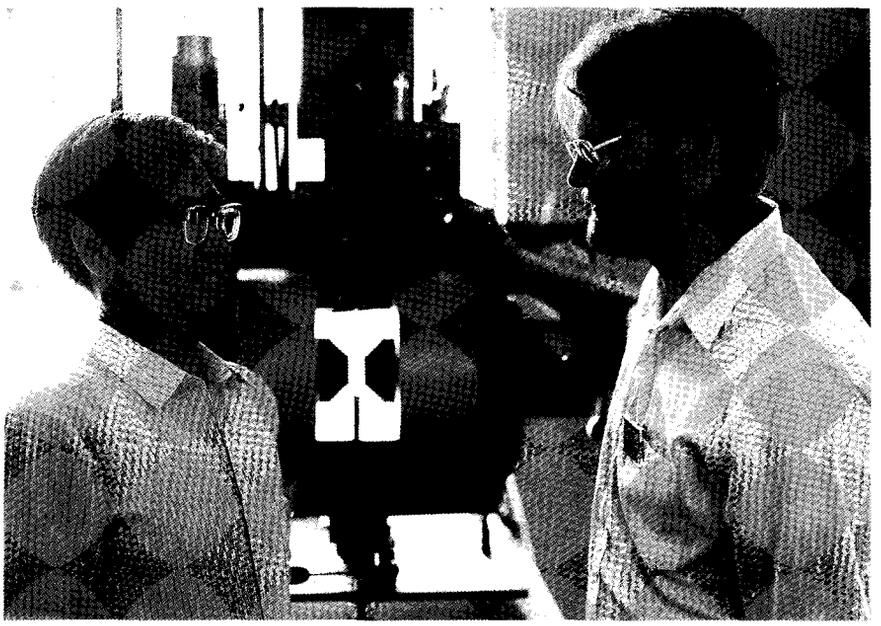

HIVIPS aims to promote cooperation and scientific development by bringing together scientists from different backgrounds and countries.

Providing Joint Research Opportunities in Japan

As an electronics engineer, Dr. Gregory Uvieghara has long been intrigued by Japan's success in his chosen field. Small wonder that when the opportunity arose, he jumped at a chance to work as a guest researcher at Hitachi's Central Research Laboratory (CRL) near Tokyo. "The invitation opened the door of a major Japanese laboratory to me. It gave me a unique chance to observe Japanese research methods first-hand," the AT&T Bell Labs researcher says. He spent over a year in Japan studying a new type of semiconductor device.

Opening doors is what the Hitachi Research Visit Programs (HIVIPS) are all about. The programs bring scientists from all over the world together to work on key problems in basic and applied research; allowing creative collaboration that would not be possible otherwise. More than 200 scientists from all over the world have participated in the programs since their inception in 1985.

For Felicia Heiler, HIVIPS allowed her to work side-by-side with Japan's leading expert in submicron semiconductor device physics, whom she had met while studying for her master's degree in electrical engineering at Santa Clara University. The collaboration turned out to be very fruitful. "I ended up with a master's thesis and two publications," Heiler says. She now works as a device engineer for Advanced Micro Devices.

For Dr. Thomas Hildebrandt, HIVIPS gave him a chance to work closely with Japanese experts in handwritten character recognition systems."The sharing of ideas and the facilities certainly were conducive to my research," the Lehigh University computer science professor says. "I made a lot more progress than I would have otherwise."

Dr. Thomas Hildebrandt participated in HIVIPS in 1993.

For many participants, lasting friendships may be HIVIPS' most important benefit. "Many of my best friends are people I met at CRL," Heiler says. "In fact, one of them, my Hitachi advisor, came all the way from Japan to attend my wedding."

We at Hitachi are proud to sponsor HIVIPS. We believe that this scientific exchange not only provides research rewards, but also promotes mutual understanding in the scientific community.

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